

The Nation.

VOL. IX.—NO. 215.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1869.

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM
TWELVE CENTS PER COPY

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The date of expiration of each subscription is indicated on the printed label. A delay of more than three months in renewing subscriptions will endanger their continuance.

ADDRESS, PUBLISHER OF "THE NATION," BOX 6732, NEW YORK.
PUBLISHING OFFICE, 3 PARK PLACE.

The Week.

THE event of the day in politics is the rather surprising refusal of General Rosecrans to accept the Ohio nomination. Probably other motives may have had something to do with his taking this course. It is as well, perhaps, in view of the Sulphur Springs negotiations, to say little about his unwillingness to "go back on his record"—though a "Copperhead" is more offensive to the nostrils of a Union General than a former rebel; but perhaps he had no desire to be beaten, as he probably would have been. The Catholic question has been made prominent in Ohio of late, and not to the advantage of a Catholic candidate. The Democrats must be more or less demoralized by this refusal, which will affect the minds of the soldiers a good deal. In Pennsylvania there is neither Catholic school question nor anything else to break the prevailing apathy, but Republican prospects are thought to be not bad, though why not we do not see. In Tennessee and Mississippi they are surely anything but good. In Mississippi, where the Republican platform contains nothing against which we hear any complaint alleged, Judge Dent is determined to be governor if he can, and will do what he can to break the party in two—a course that we can see no excuse for, but in which there is a good deal of danger that he may succeed. Alabama seems to have sent four Republicans and two Democrats to Congress, which is one less Republican than was expected. The escape from having another Democrat was very narrow, and was indirectly the cause of riot. Mobile is probably fuller of revolvers than any city of its size in the world, and is a haunt of rascals, so that there is less than usual to wonder at in the unprovoked firing upon negroes assembled to celebrate a political victory.

The Tennessee election has been, as everybody expected, carried by Senter by an enormous majority—say 60,000—the Democrats all going for him, and a considerable portion of the Republicans. The general result seems to be that the Democrats have once more got the State into their hands, the Republican element in the Legislature being small, and likely to be powerless. The help Mr. Boutwell gave Stokes did him no good, even with the Republicans; and it is reported, most likely untrue—for Stokes is not a fool—that he consoles himself and his friends with saying that Congress will set the election aside, and put the State under martial law. It is not by any means improbable that this is what a good many people who voted for him think ought to be done. To many of the Southern Radicals these Southern elections are games conducted on the old principle of "turkey for the white man and buzzard for the Indian; or buzzard for the Indian and turkey for the white man;"—that is, the majority is to be respected if

it is on the right side, and the holding of an election is simply the concession to "ex-rebels" of an opportunity of evincing their repentance. The triumph of the Democracy in Tennessee is, of course, a misfortune, but it had to come; there was no way of avoiding it, without changing the form of the Government. There is, therefore, no more use in whining over it than over bad weather or the shortness of winter days.

In Virginia the Walkerites, having triumphed, have assumed the imposing title of "True Republicans," and claim all the honors and prerogatives of genuine orthodoxy. The Wellsites, being beaten and feeling rather humble, have apparently laid aside their proscriptive policy, and now propose to make friends with the victors, and reunite the party by a grand reconciliation. These offers, however, the Walkerites scornfully, and as it seems to us foolishly, reject, the chairman of their committee, Dr. Gilmer, haughtily refusing even to "confer" with Colonel Jenkins, the corresponding functionary on the other side; and he justifies himself by saying that if the Wellsites are Republicans, why the Walkerites are Republicans too, and it is all right, and there is no need for any reconciliation. This is all very well, as far as brotherly love goes; but it does not touch the important question of the division of "the spoils," which is no unimportant matter. It makes some difference to the Wellsites whether they are to be simply privates or have a share of the commissions.

A new "Republican Central Committee" has been started in this city, to take charge of the interests of the party in the place of the Twenty-second and Twenty-third Street "gangs," of which we gave some account a fortnight ago. The new committee have issued an address to the party, in which they draw on the whole even a less flattering picture than ours of the old organizations. The preparation of fraudulent rolls of voters and the use of Democratic "roughs" to control the primary meetings, were amongst the least of their offences. Another was a corrupt understanding with Tammany for the division of the spoils. In fact, no one should fail to read the address. It is a new and interesting chapter in the history of "the men inside politics." The "gangs," it must be observed, however, have been brought to grief mainly through their having come across an honest and courageous man in their pursuit of plunder. General Barlow, the United States Marshal, refused to allow them to fill his office with their rascally nominees, and the ridiculous meetings they held in consequence of his opposition, and the ridiculous demand which they addressed to the President for the General's removal, first drew to them the attention of the public and led to the exposure of their real character and the formation of the new committee. It now remains for the State Convention to repudiate them formally and recognize the new committee. One of the delightful things about the "Radical" "gang" was, however, the spectacle it afforded of love for the black man and "hatred of treason." This we shall be sorry to lose, because it furnished occasionally an evening's entertainment of unusual richness and variety. We hope the new committee will be particular about the character of the "tried leader" whom it puts up to conduct the hymn-singing on election night. For this, at least, if for no other office in the gift of the people, a fair moral character is absolutely necessary.

Collector Grinnell has not fared so well in the matter of appointments as General Barlow, mainly, of course, because he has such a large number in his gift; and report says that in order to keep his innumerable promises of places he has to keep up such "rotation" as never was seen, and is daily beset by the friends of men who want

offices and the friends of those who have just lost them. The excitement amongst the drunkards and stupid and dishonest people, caused by this perpetual commotion, is intense. The number of members of these classes who want to qualify for governorships of territories, as our correspondent "Clericus's" friend, the Congressman, pleasantly suggested, by a short term of service in the Custom-house, is immense. Amongst those who have been "rotated" out of office are the female searchers, who strip and examine lady passengers suspected of smuggling lace or jewelry on incoming steamers. These searchers are mostly poor widows, and the office, though a wretched one, is one in which, owing to the temptation to bribery, and facility with which bribes may be received, needs good character—perhaps more than any other in the service. The late incumbents have, however, all had to quit, and "the party" is now receiving service from a new batch, who, as our friend the Congressman also suggested, are stimulated to honesty and fidelity by the knowledge that they, too, may any day be turned out themselves.

The Albany and Susquehanna Railroad is a new road which runs southwesterly from Albany to the upper waters of the Susquehanna, and ends at Binghamton—through which town passes also the Erie, coming in from the other direction. Just south of Binghamton, at Great Bend, in Pennsylvania, this latter most famous or infamous of all railroads is struck by a road which taps the great coal region of Pennsylvania; and from Great Bend on to Binghamton the Erie is the coal-dealer's way to all the Albany region and to New England. It is a way which Mr. Drew and Mr. Fiske and the rest of them have not made so cheap that the coal-dealers have not been very anxious to get to the Albany and Susquehanna road by some other line; and they are now building a road which, going round Great Bend, stops at Binghamton. It will soon be done; and Mr. Fiske and the other Erie managers have lately been bestirring themselves with great activity to circumvent the coal men, and get control of a great part of the coal market, by getting the Albany and Susquehanna into their own hands. We are therefore having a railroad fight more lively than ever we had; and have been getting proofs in the shape of lawsuits at the rate of about two a day—to say nothing of armed reprisals between the contending parties—that a "railroad man" of our time and country leads a life much like that of a Japanese daimio or mediæval baron.

In September comes off the election of officers of the road; and on August 7 was the day when the company's books were closed, and after which stock could not be transferred. At that date Mr. Fisk had "got" the company, it is understood, or would have were it not for two things: the company would not transfer 1,350 shares which he had bought—we do not use the names of the various minor actors on the one side or the other—and there are 3,000 shares out which he declares were illegally issued. So he brings Suit No. 1, and enjoins President Ramsey and everybody else not to allow these 3,000 shares to be voted on. Ramsey answers by an injunction restraining the railroad company from transferring the 1,350 shares above-mentioned to the Fisk party. But Fisk's lawyer—who throughout seems to have been very much too sharp and too quick for his opponents—soon gets this injunction removed. Suit No. 3 is a Fisk suit, and is brought to compel the company to make the transfer on the books. Suit No. 4 is also a Fisk suit, and Ramsey is enjoined not to act as president. Suit No. 5 is a Ramsey suit, and Ramsey in turn attacking the Fisk party, the company enjoins certain directors not to perform any of their official duties. Here we have the railroad company neatly tied up, so that it can do nothing for Fisk and nothing for Ramsey, or anybody else. Fisk's attorney now promptly brings suit in the name of a stockholder, who recites these facts, calls the court's attention to the fact that he is pecuniarily a sufferer because of this inaction, and the court civilly appoints Mr. James Fisk, jr., and another gentleman, receivers. Ramsey also gets a receiver appointed; but to get him he goes into an Albany court whose order is not in force till Saturday morning at 9 o'clock, whereas Fisk's appointment is dated Friday, and is in force

from the moment it was made, for it was obtained in the First Judicial District—the only one, by the way, in which the rule just stated holds. To sum up: the suits now number some nine or ten; the receivers have had a good-sized fight; everybody is enjoined in all manner of ways; Judge Barnard, in this city, stands by his friends; at Albany, Judge Peckham is prompt in behalf of Ramsey; at last accounts, something very like a state of civil war exists on the lower portion of the road, and Gov. Hoffman has been obliged to give warning that he will take military possession if violence continues. The question now is, which will be the next road the Fisks will fix upon, and what becomes of the stockholders during and after "a war?"

As is usual in Harvard experience, the boat built for the race turns out not entirely satisfactory, and an English builder was commissioned to build a new one, which was to be four or five feet shorter than the Elliott boat, and, we suppose, round bottomed, in the English fashion, instead of slightly flattened, as is the style in this country. The new boat is probably done by this time and in use, and the crew are very likely in it, and still wishing for some one of the aged Harvard shells laid up in the Cambridge boat-houses. We are glad to see that the course is to be buoyed off, and two-thirds of the width of the river kept perfectly clear for the contestants. It would be about a not very great thing, to be sure, but American wrath in case the crews were interfered with would be louder, beyond a question—and deeper, we do not doubt—and much more unanimous, than when, a while ago, Mr. Sumner's shout set the rest of us shouting, and was so fearfully reverberated from the other side. On the whole, despite the dangers of acclimation, and the novelty of carrying a coxswain, and the crookedness of a course which a Bostonian compares to the crookedness of several Boston streets, there seems to be no more reason, as yet, why we should haul down the American flag than there was when our four champions were among us. Still, although it is our official, and personal, opinion that the Harvard crew will beat, and though we are willing to put our cause unreservedly in their hands and Mr. Blaikie's, and to beat or be beaten with them, it does us no harm to reflect sometimes on the Roahr crew and what it did in Charlestown last June. It would be worth while to export a few steamer-loads of young gentlemen from old Cambridge to do cheering from the river bank. Americans abroad must do their duty.

The case of Major John Haggerty, titular American Consul at Glasgow, Scotland, is at once melancholy and amusing. He is of Irish parentage, though born in Glasgow. He is an honest and able man, and served with distinction in the war, and has since the war been making herculean, but vain, efforts to induce his countrymen here to vote the Republican ticket and to shake off the British yoke. Although not a very prominent Fenian, his connection with the Brotherhood, and his feelings towards the British crown, were sufficiently notorious to satisfy anybody but a Fenian, or partially demented person, that he might as well expect to be appointed Gold Stick in Waiting as to be allowed to act as Consul in a British port. No government was ever known to grant an exequatur to a man connected with an organization formed to bring about its overthrow. Of course, the cute Republican politicians who gave him the place knew this perfectly well, but, by giving it him, they made him believe that they were doing something very fine for him, and threw on the British Government the odium of keeping him out of it, and are probably now laughing over it at the sea-side or in the mountains, while Haggerty is spending his hard earnings in some Scotch tavern. The same "little game" was on the point of being tried on a certain Mr. Savage, who was at one time a Fenian "head-centre" or some such dignitary. It was seriously proposed to give him also some very handsome and opulent consulship, also on British soil; but either Savage himself or some of his friends saw the joke before he started to take possession, and consequently he wisely stayed at home, and we hope has made them give him something in which he can get at his pickings without having to incur obligations to the hated Saxon. There was only one thing wanting to make poor Haggerty's case a perfect and symmetrical "sell," and that was that some Republican organ

should pretend to think the British Government had played him a mean trick, and this, sure enough, the *New York Tribune* did on Tuesday last. "A great government," it said, "cannot afford to do small things, and yet it does them sometimes," etc., and winds up by hinting that it is Glasgow that will suffer from Haggerty's absence. One of the worst results of "the six hundred years of wrong" is seen in the Fenian capacity for being humbugged.

The "usurers" in this city have been called up by Judge McCunn for judgment, and sentenced to five days' imprisonment in the City Prison—not by any means a light sentence at this season. Some of the papers seem to think this is very fine, as it constitutes that enforcement of a bad law which it is now the fashion, in imitation of General Grant, to call the best mode of ensuring its repeal. No doubt this is true of legislation in comparatively unknown and untried fields; but a more disgraceful bit of barbarism than shutting up two men in jail for nearly a week in summer, in a great commercial city, in order to convince the public that an obsolete law ought not to be carried out, has hardly been witnessed since the days of witch-burning. If this is the only way in which we can find out that usury laws are absurd, what is the use of our eyes and ears and memory and judgment? Was it not to find out things of this sort, without torturing our fellow-creatures, that God gave us our faculties? What should we say if it were gravely proposed to burn two infidels at the stake in order to show that religious persecution was cruel and foolish, or to hang a corn-dealer to prove the folly of legislating against re-grating and forestalling?

The Spanish Government, like the Austrian, has found itself at last obliged to go to loggerheads with the clergy, who have been conniving at the Carlist insurrection; indeed, the latest despatches say that several of the insurrectionary bands have been led by priests. The Government have accordingly ordered the bishops to issue pastorals inculcating loyalty on clergy and laity, within eight days, on pain of being refused permission to exercise their functions within the kingdom, and seem to have the hearty support of the town population at all events.

In France there is little, if any, change in the situation since the publication of the Emperor's concessionary letter. The Senate is busy in deliberation on the proposed changes, and is adopting them one by one—the deliberations of the body on the Imperial suggestions being really merely a kind of playful compliance with the forms of the constitution. The reforms have been conquered by a now famous body known as the "tiers parti," made up in part of moderate Liberals and in part of supporters of the Government, and which literally sprang up in a day after the Chamber met, and signed, to the number of one hundred, the address which brought the Emperor down. Seeing his own adherents going over, he gave way without more words. M. Mazade says, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, that the Government had made up its mind to yield immediately after the elections; but, instead of yielding at once, it waited till the Chamber met, to see what force it would have, and thus lost the credit of yielding voluntarily. All are agreed that personal government is at an end; and M. Saint-Marc Girardin has significantly come out with an article on what he calls the "Three Crises of Personal Government in France—1814, 1830, 1848." The fourth crisis—that of 1869—has, it must be admitted, been better managed than any of the former ones—if indeed we have seen the end, which many doubt.

Things are not going well in Austria. The "Dualism" is not working easily. Nobody is satisfied with the present state of things except the Hungarians. Their success in getting all they want has stimulated the exertions of the Bohemians and Croats, who demand the concession of autonomy also; and, unfortunately for the Austrian Ministry, there is not a single reason for refusing their demands which would not also apply to the demands of the Hungarians. So discontent grows in these provinces. Meetings multiply, and Panslavic agents work harder than ever. The Poles of Galicia are quieter, as they are doing better under Austria than they have done before since the partition; but it is certainly no part of their programme to form part of the Aus-

trian empire for an indefinite period. M. de Beust, in the meantime, takes it coolly; is not very sanguine about the preservation of peace, though he says if Europe gets over the next four years without an outbreak of hostilities, it may last a long time.

Russia is getting more and more afraid of Bismarck. We mentioned some time ago the very unpleasant impression produced at St. Petersburg by the apparition in the Baltic of the new German fleet, which, if report speaks truly, would hardly find food for half an hour's cannonade in the Czar's whole naval force. An additional source of anxiety has now been furnished by a project, ascribed to Bismarck, to pierce Schleswig with a canal, so as to give Prussia readier access to the Baltic, and it is rumored that the Czar is going to maintain the balance of power in the north by building up a new Scandinavian state, composed of united Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. The *New York Times*, approving of this, calls loudly for fewer and bigger states, not only on the ground of economy, but because a large state is "a power; has a literature, a national spirit; does memorable things, and breeds great men." We doubt very much if anybody knows whether a division of the world into a few large states will be a good thing for mankind or not. Thus far, large states have, perhaps, done more harm than good. As a matter of fact, most of the great literatures, great men, and great deeds the race has to boast have thus far been furnished by small states. If we take the history of Athens and Sparta and Republican Rome out of the ancient world, what have we left? Imperial Rome was no doubt great in many ways, but it was made possible by the discipline and sacrifice of little early Rome. Take Holland, Florence, Venice, England, Sweden, and Switzerland out of modern Europe, and what have we left? In fact, we owe to small states nearly all that is most precious in literature, laws, and traditions. Big states, no doubt, can be "run" cheaply, but whether they will do as much for civilization and human character as small ones is certainly fair matter for doubt.

The anti-capital-punishment men in England have made the annual effort to procure the abolition of the death penalty, and have been defeated in the House of Commons by a majority of 60. Some of the statistics furnished in the course of the debate were curious. Out of 155 sentences of death passed in Great Britain and Ireland during the last six years, only 82 had been executed. Of the remainder, 23 were for infanticide, which in practice is never punished with death. There is a still more remarkable dwindling down amongst the cases in which verdicts of wilful murder are found by coroner's juries. In fact, the general result is, that there is no crime less likely to be followed with the legal penalty in England than murder; but sentences of imprisonment for life are there equivalent in practice to sentences for twenty years; here they are only equivalent to about six years. It appears, too, that great numbers of persons who are in favor of the death penalty as a general rule, when the question of applying it in a particular case comes up, oppose it violently. There seems to be little doubt that in most countries, too, the public sympathy with criminals grows faster than sympathy with the victims of criminals. The percentage of homicides to population in Italy, and especially in the Papal States, is enormous; but the popular horror of capital punishment is proportionately intense, and the most atrocious murderers are rarely executed unless their crimes have had a political complexion. What is going to be the end of the present drift of feeling, it would take a wise man to say. Saint Just was apparently not so very far in advance of his age when he inserted an article in his draft of a constitution providing that riots and other disorders should be repressed by six old men, wearing tricolored scarfs round their waists. If, after having arrived on the scene, and requested the rioters to desist, the latter persisted in their violence, the elders were to "declare the law in mourning" ("la loi en deuil"), and pronounce the rioters wicked persons ("méchants"), and deprive them of the rank of citizens. The effect of this on the feelings of the rioters, after hearing that "the law was in mourning" on their account, he left to the imagination; but the scheme was, of course, based on the hypothesis that it would be harrowing.

OUR FINANCIAL RELATIONS WITH FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

IN discussing our foreign relations, little or no attention is paid to the peculiarly delicate financial relations which the enormous extent of our natural resources and our great needs during the war, compared with the amount of our disposable capital, have been for some years back establishing between the United States and Europe. The causes of the steady efflux of Federal obligations to Europe during the last six years are well known, but no exact information exists as to the amount now held abroad. The estimates of the best authorities—bankers, brokers, and Treasury officials—among whom we have made enquiries on the subject, vary greatly, and range from nine hundred up to twelve hundred millions. That we may not be accused of exaggeration, we propose to use the lowest of these figures for our argument. In addition to "governments," many other American securities are held on the other side of the Atlantic. To the State and city bonds and the stocks of the older railroads that were placed there before the civil war, large quantities of the obligations of several Pacific railroads have been added during the last two years. Altogether, we feel safe in saying that the total of American securities owned abroad represents at this moment a value of not less than twelve hundred millions. The financial history of modern civilized states will probably be searched in vain for another instance of so enormous an indebtedness on the part of a nation to foreign capitalists. The public debt of Great Britain is larger, and that of France relatively but little, if any, smaller than ours. Yet of the consols and the rentes only a comparatively insignificant portion is in foreign hands. Even in the case of such chronic borrowers as Russia, Austria, Italy, Spain, and Turkey, the total of their respective loans contracted in foreign markets will be found to be relatively far less than our national debt to European capitalists. Certainly, if there could be any glory in so vast an absorption of national promises to pay, we should have occasion for no little pride; and if the respectability of a debtor could rest on the number of his creditors, we might claim on that ground alone to be the most respected nation on the face of the earth.

But, unfortunately, there is the reverse of the medal, which has been persistently overlooked by the patriotic souls who are in the habit of exulting over the plethora of 5-20's in European cash-boxes as evidence of the unlimitedness of our national credit. What does, indeed, this fact of our indebtedness to the Old World to the tune of twelve hundred millions really indicate?—Nothing less than a state of financial dependence bound to exercise, while it exists, an influence on our international relations of the extent of which the general public appears to have as yet but a faint conception. However disagreeable the necessity may be, we shall be compelled, sooner or later, to open our eyes to the truth that the billion and more of our bonds now across the water will prove an uncomfortable, though often a useful, fetter in our future dealings with other nations. We shall have to think twice hereafter before we act. Whether willing or unwilling, we must be prepared to find ourselves often stopped in the pursuit of any foreign policy involving serious consequences. The alternative of refraining strictly from any unreasonable or provoking attitude in international disputes, or of undergoing a complete financial breakdown even before we have got very far in quarrelling, will stare us mercilessly in the face. We are, in short, put upon our good behavior towards other countries—how, we shall presently endeavor to show.

But a few months having elapsed since Mr. Sumner launched his thunderbolt in the Senate, we are justified in supposing that neither the immediate response to it, in the form of a considerable fall in the price of all American securities in London, nor the consequent decline in "governments" and rapid rise of the premium on gold in New York, have been forgotten. A perfect panic ensued, as will be remembered, among the holders of our bonds in the former city, and millions after millions of five-twenties were thrown upon the market in headlong haste, causing a depreciation of five per cent. in a short time. But for a fortunate circumstance, we should have then witnessed the first practical illustration of what we have said above. We have before us a letter from a prominent German banking-house at Frankfort-or-the-Main, stating that the Bourse of that city had, within a few weeks after the delivery of Mr. Sumner's speech, absorbed over thirty millions

of the five-twenties that had been rushed upon the London market under the first effect of the twenty-five hundred millions claim of the Massachusetts Senator. That the British holders were in haste to part with their American bonds was no more to be wondered at than that the Germans—who, as neutral parties, viewed the situation more coolly, and of whom the intelligent classes know, as a rule, more about the United States than Englishmen—eagerly availed themselves of the chance of a good bargain. But supposing the Germans had not been willing to take the tens of millions hurried off from London, what would have inevitably happened? In the first place, the general depreciation of our securities in England and the sympathetic reaction upon all values in this country would have been far greater; and, in the second place, the same millions that now quietly repose in Germany would have flowed straight back to the source from which they were originally derived—that is, New York. We need not dwell upon the disastrous consequences the return of many millions of five-twenties a week for a month or so would have had on this side. Let any one who is unable to form an estimate of them himself seek light from any banker or broker on the subject. He will be told that the flooding of our markets with many millions of "governments" in the space of a month, would have caused a disturbance of all values such as has not been seen in Wall Street since the summer of 1864, and as could not help being followed by the greatest distress in all business circles.

Now, is there any one foolish enough to believe that if, instead of the mere transient clouding of the political horizon by a parliamentary demonstration, the grim spectre of actual war between us and Great Britain should rise before the foreign holders of our bonds, another such safety-valve as that described would open for our benefit in Germany or any other part of Europe? On the contrary, in that event there would be not only a general reflux of our securities from England, but an even mightier stream would set in in the direction of New York from Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and wherever else the five-twenties in their widespread flow have found their way. The Germans, especially, who hold the bulk of the twelve hundred millions of bonds in foreign parts, and who understand our financial condition as well as ourselves, would be the first, from their knowledge of our inability to bear the cost of another great war, to rid themselves of our national promissory notes. The recollection of the genial soil which repudiation theories found among us would revive in them with double force, and make them act upon the principle that partial losses are preferable to the risk of losing everything. Not tens but hundreds of millions would then be forced back upon us in a rapid current. And how should we face the emergency? Would it be possible for us to meet the enormous draft of specie that would be made upon us? Where would be the limit of the upward bounds of gold, of the fall in every kind of securities, and of the fluctuations in all mercantile values? Probably even before the firing of the first gun we should be in the midst of a national crisis, compared to which that of 1837 would appear as insignificant as that of 1857.

We have referred exclusively to the *Alabama* question in the foregoing, because that is of the greatest present concern to us. But the financial fate that would befall us if the final solution of that complication should be sought at the cannon's mouth would be hardly less severe in the case of war with any other country; and hence our escape from an entanglement with Spain through the faithful execution of the neutrality laws affords no less occasion for self-congratulation to all good citizens than the second sober thought of the public in regard to our misunderstandings with Great Britain. It is no doubt unpleasant to be thus obliged to count in advance the cost of every shift in our foreign policy. But the sooner we learn to understand the state of financial relations to Europe in which we now are, and which will continue just as long as the balance of trade keeps largely against us, and we need more capital to develop our resources than we have ourselves accumulated, the better it will be for us.

THE CLERGY AND THE COURTS.

AN injunction has recently been rendered by Judge Jameson, of the Supreme Court of Chicago, restraining an ecclesiastical court of the Episcopal Church of the diocese from proceeding with the trial of Mr.

Cheney, an Episcopal minister, at the suit of Bishop Whitehouse, for the omission of the words "regenerate" or "regeneration" in the baptismal service. The cause of the injunction, as set forth in Judge Jameson's decision, is certain irregularities in the procedure of the ecclesiastical court. Had the court proceeded according to the rules and canons of the church, he says a civil court would have no right to interfere. The church association is, as he says elsewhere, "no more in the eye of the law than is an association for any temporal purpose, a base-ball club, a lyceum, or an organization for the construction and operation of a railroad," yet, as the decisions of its courts on the trial of clergymen touch "rights of property," the civil courts may properly be called on to intervene to prevent injustice being done.

Now, what is "the property" involved in the present case which entitles Mr. Cheney to ask for the protection of the temporal power? It is "the function or business of a minister of the Gospel" which he exercises, and from which an adverse decision of the Bishop's court would probably have cut him off; not simply the amount of salary now due to him, or to become due to him, from the congregation with which he is connected in Chicago, but the abstract right to pursue the calling "of an Episcopal minister." It must be borne in mind that his deposition by an episcopal court for error in doctrine, and particularly such an error as the one he is charged with, would not prevent his joining either the Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, or Methodists. In fact, it would render him rather acceptable to most of them. Consequently, all he had to fear from the ecclesiastical court—even if the worst came to the worst—was a deprivation of the opportunity of pursuing his calling as an *Episcopal* minister—a distinction which Judge Jameson seems to overlook, as he in one place treats a "minister of the Gospel" and "Episcopal minister" as synonymous terms, though he acknowledges, a little further on, that it is only from the Episcopal Church, here and in England, that a condemnation would drive Mr. Cheney. For the doctrine that the profession of a "minister of the Gospel" is "property" *as against the religious denomination or association to which the minister belongs*, Judge Jameson relies on two recent decisions of the Supreme Court in cases arising in Missouri, in one of which it was held that the right of a minister to preach was property *as against the State Legislature*, which sought to prohibit him from exercising it unless he took an oath, which it was impossible for him to take, with regard to his participation in the rebellion. But these are the only authorities Judge Jameson cites.

We do not propose here to attempt a refutation of Judge Jameson's view of the law. What we wish to do is to call the attention of religious denominations to the possible, and even probable, consequences of this extraordinary decision. It is, of course, perfectly plain that if the position and status not simply of a minister of the Gospel in general, but of a minister of a particular church or sect, be "property" in the eye of the law, any attempt on the part of the association to drive a minister out of it for any reason at once entitles him to the judgment of the civil courts on the legality and even reasonableness of the proceeding against him. It does not matter whether the charge be one of immorality or heresy. Property is property, and the law does not permit even an immoral man or a heretic to be deprived of it, except under the sanction of judicial decision. In this case, the civil court bases its interference on the violation by the ecclesiastical court of its own rules and regulations; but it is obvious that if it be the right of civil courts to revise the proceedings of ecclesiastical courts on one point, they may revise them on all points. Supposing the composition of the court had been perfectly regular in the present case—suppose the citation had been duly served—and the canon, in fact, observed in every particular—Mr. Cheney might still, if the judgment had gone against him or seemed likely to go against him, have come into the civil courts as a citizen exposed to spoliation, and demanded protection on the ground that the ecclesiastical court had not observed the rules of evidence, or had construed the Thirty-nine Articles or the rubric in a non-natural or non-historical sense. Judge Jameson would then have been obliged to go over the whole ground to satisfy himself that the ecclesiastical court had properly interpreted the rubric and the canons and the Thirty-nine Articles, and had, in short, dealt with Mr. Cheney according to the rules and regulations of the Episcopal association. Rules

and regulations, canons and articles, are but words; to have force, somebody must interpret and apply them; and if the tribunals instituted by the church cannot do this, and cannot decide in the last resort touching the extent of their own jurisdiction, and the guilt or innocence of ministers and other officers brought before them, and cannot pronounce positively and definitively whether a man has or has not ceased to belong to the association, and is or is not fit to minister at its altars, their proceedings are simply a mockery, and they themselves a sham, like the Convocation in England, and the proper place to try questions of heresy and ecclesiastical discipline is a court of law. In fact, if Judge Jameson's decision be good law, every attempt to depose a minister by the denomination to which he belongs will have, in order to be prompt and effective, to take the form of a bill in equity. Had it been good law thirty years ago, the dispute between the Old and New School in the Presbyterian Church, instead of being fought out in the Synod and General Assembly, would have followed "the bristling sinuosities" of a chancery suit. In short, we should by this time all be familiar with the spectacle, so common in England, of lawyers arguing the most knotty questions of religious doctrine before the civil courts. It was in a case almost exactly like Mr. Cheney's that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council decided that nobody had any right to drive an Episcopal clergyman from his living because he did not believe in the eternity of future punishment; and whether a belief in the eternity of future punishment was part and parcel of Anglican doctrine was decided by an elaborate examination of the Articles by men who had never studied theology.

The mischief and inconvenience of such a state of things would, however, be much greater here than in England. The lawyers before whom ecclesiastical questions come in England are mostly members of the Established Church, and imbued with great reverence for it and for its rights. Many of them have made a special study of canon law; more still of civil law. The judges, too, are a very homogeneous body, and famed for their caution and discretion. Everything the State can do is done to raise them above temptation or suspicion, to clear them of all political, religious, or social bias. With all this, however, the decision by them of questions of church doctrine and discipline is universally acknowledged to be a great scandal and absurdity. Nothing could possibly do more to show what a ridiculous as well as monstrous thing the union of church and state is. We need hardly point out to any intelligent reader the greater abuses to which the assumption of similar jurisdiction by the civil courts in this country would lead, and the exasperation to which it would give rise. Judge Jameson is a man of learning and character, and himself an Episcopalian, so that the impropriety is, in this case, reduced to a minimum. But fancy the power of deciding on the right of ministers to remain in a religious denomination committed all over the country to the class of lawyers whom caucuses and popular election now often elevate to the bench; fancy Judge Barnard and Judge McCunn deciding what a Presbyterian minister was bound to believe on the subject of human ability, or an Episcopal minister on the nature of the sacramental elements, or restraining Archbishop McCloskey from silencing an immoral priest!

We cannot pass from the subject, however, without calling attention to the growing tendency amongst judges, of which this Cheney case is an illustration, to make a lavish and indeed reckless use of the power of granting injunctions—the greatest power with which judicial officers were ever armed. The system of equitable jurisdiction, of which it forms a part, is emphatically a system of conscience. In it the judge enjoys a discretion which he does not enjoy in the common-law courts, and it is permeated throughout by the supposition that any community which employs so delicate a machine to do right between man and man will not do so without providing judges not only of great learning, but of great integrity and delicacy of moral fibre to work it. With all its faults—and it has had shocking faults—the administration of equity as distinguished from law has always, both in England and in this country, been until recently remarkable for its purity and its caution. It is rapidly losing that character with us. We need only mention the abuse of equitable

remedies by judges in this State to show what a frightful weapon the power of granting injunctions is, when wielded by ignorant, hasty, or corrupt men; what serious injuries to mind, body, and estate may be worked with it; and how desirable it is that the exercise of it should be forthwith surrounded by positive restrictions, and not left any longer to the discretion of the bench, when we refuse to pay enough to make it worth the while of our best lawyers to mount the bench; and when nearly every State in the Union has done all it can to discountenance the idea that careful training and learning are requisite for practice at the bar.

OPINION-MOULDING.

WE raised three weeks ago, as we thought very modestly and inoffensively, mentioning no names, the question whether it was as necessary for the publishers of very cheap papers to be "as wildly sensational, vulgar, and slangy as they usually maintain that it is," and propounding the theory that it was the New York *Herald* which first set them a bad example, and, in fact, begot the "lively writer" who is now the great bane of the press. In some obscure way, however, this seems to have given offense to one of our daily contemporaries, which castigated us severely, and, amongst other cruel and unjust things, said that the *Nation* was "aristocratic." As our bones are still aching from the effects of this infliction, we might naturally be expected to look on the character and influence of the press as a delicate subject of discussion, and endeavor to avoid it; and we almost think we should do so for the present, if the New York *Times* had not, in an article to which we made brief reference last week, brought it up once more—we presume by way of indicating the views of its new editor as to the proper business of daily newspapers. Tempted and somewhat encouraged by this, we shall take the liberty of saying something more about it, by way of elucidating what we have said already, premising that we have nobody in particular in our eye.

The *Times* dwells with emphasis on the fact that news has become of immense moral and social as well as commercial and political importance to the world; that the daily papers are the dispensers of it; and that, therefore, the editors work under a load of responsibility such as hardly any other class of men are called on to bear. In fact, though they make no comments whatever, they are able, by their mode of reporting the events of the day, to mould public opinion completely. They color the light through which their readers see the world around them; and they really almost decide, by the extent to which they share in building up and casting down the reputations of legislators and other public officers, whether the laws under which the community lives shall be nullified or enforced.

One of the first duties of the press, therefore, is not indeed to publish no false news—for this would be an impossibility—but to do its utmost to get accurate news, and, after it has got it, not to color it to suit the editorial taste or necessities. This again, when examined closely, is found to be simply a question of men. News is an impalpable thing—an airy abstraction. To make it a ponderable, merchantable commodity, somebody has to collect it, condense it, and clothe it in language; and its quality—indeed, its whole value—depends on the character of the men employed in doing this. Now, we do not mean to say that there are no honest, painstaking, scrupulous, and accurate men employed as reporters and correspondents by the daily press. This would be a ridiculous calumny. But we do say that the number of such men is smaller by far than it need be or ought to be; and that the reason is that such men are not generally and systematically encouraged for their honesty and accuracy. These qualities are not exacted of the reporting class as essential to professional success. On the contrary, they are constantly treated as of inferior importance—far inferior to smartness, "spiciness," and enterprise. The first thing required of reporters is that they shall supply at least as much news as the reporters of the other papers; the second, that they shall supply as much more as possible; and a man who takes upon himself to discriminate between facts and rumors, or to remain silent sooner than telegraph or write what he feels satisfied is a sensational falsehood, but which for a day at least, if printed, would put his paper in request, is too apt to find his value decline and his prospects

grow dim. On the other hand, the busy and unblushing collector of all the rubbish he can lay hands on too often grows rapidly in the profession—all the more rapidly if he makes his news the means of damning political or other opponents.

The general result is that newspaper reporting is about as demoralizing a business as a young man can engage in. Men of great capacity and force of character may stay in it, and thrive in it, and remain scrupulous in it, and eventually rise out of it into the higher walks of the newspaper calling; but it is not a good place for scrupulous men; and some of the best known men in it are persons who love notoriety more than anything else, and chuckle over a well-told lie, or successfully defamed character, as an artist over a good picture or statue. Of course, such men are comparatively few in number; but, as usual, they do four times as much work as their betters, and they get most of the poor prizes the calling has to offer. One consequence of all this is that, although there are great numbers of young men of talent and education only too willing to embrace the press as a profession, they are kept out of it by the fact that they are not willing to expose themselves to be detailed to listen behind doors or under sofas, to steal private confidential correspondence, to dress up sensational blatherskite, or to blackguard respectable men old enough to be their grandfathers because they do not "vote 'No' on the Eleventh Article;" or, what is nearly as bad, to have to associate with or be classed with those who do these things. One of the first duties of the editors of the great daily papers is, it seems to us, to give decent and sensible men a chance of thriving in the profession of which the editor is the head.

Coming to the editorial way of treating public men, it ought to be observed that, inasmuch as they have the making of men's reputations in their hands—and on men's reputations the public happiness largely depends—the sedulous and persistent puffing and exaltation of feeble, ignorant, or worthless and naturally obscure persons is just as great an offence against the common weal as the persistent vilifying and belittling of really able and good men. We know it does not seem so. Praise, or even adulation, always bears the appearance of kindness, and therefore is readily bestowed even by well-meaning people, and always commands more or less popular sympathy or indulgence. But when bestowed on unworthy objects, it is none the less a fraud on the public. It, in the first place, enables a man of no ability or character to assume an appearance of fitness for places of honor and emolument, and, what is more, to get them. In the next place, it secures for his opinions and wishes an amount of respect, or for his wares an amount of demand, to which they are not entitled; and, in the third place, by perverting the popular judgment, it deprives men of real value of their proper place in the public estimation.

To anybody who has never watched, from a professional standpoint, the process of puffing a charlatan or pretender into notoriety and success, we may, in saying all this, seem to be fighting a shadow. But there is nobody who has much acquaintance with the machinery of journalism, and knows how to "put this and that together," who cannot enumerate scores of persons enjoying a fair amount of popular attention and confidence, or making a living out of popular credulity, and getting good offices, without a single claim to the respect of any human being, and solely owing to their diligence in running from one newspaper office to another and their skill in getting on the weak side of editors and reporters, or to their professional connection with some widely circulated paper.

As regards the general tone of the press, there is no doubt it has greatly improved within twenty years; but we adhere to the opinion that whatever is worst in it has been largely due to the immense pecuniary success of the *Herald* as a buffoon. It owed its success in large part, no doubt, to the fact that it was not simply a buffoon, but an able purveyor of news, and a change from its ponderous and dull predecessors of the "blanket-sheet" variety. But its most striking feature was what we may call its telescopic mode of treating everybody and everything in its editorial columns. Seen through one end of its glass, all men and all subjects were magnified to more than mortal dimensions; seen through the other, they were belittled infinitesimally; and the whole process was carried on amid much laughter as a good joke. Everything grave or thorough it stamped as "old foggy"

and "fossil," and treated religion and wisdom and morality and knowledge and discretion, and everything else that makes individuals or states in the slightest degree respectable, as funny but transparent humbugs. It took, however; it found a market, it increased its circulation enormously, and indeed founded a school of journalism. Its imitators, of course, improved greatly on its morality; that was a little too bad for any civilized community; but they retained many of its methods and some of its spirit, and justified themselves, as it justified itself, by alleging that what they supplied was what the public wanted—witness their growing sales. To this it is of course a sufficient answer to say, that if men of all other callings followed the example of some conductors of newspapers, and carried on their business solely with reference to profits, civilized society could not hold together. What really keeps up human progress, and makes the world fit for intelligent beings to live in, is that most men say, in doing their work, "I might make more money by supplying a different kind of wares, or resorting to this or that practice; but I will not do so: I owe something to my country and my kind as well as to myself; I have not done my whole duty when I have made a fortune. Civilization is entitled to a contribution at my hands, and the smallest I can make is to be a better, honester, and more high-minded and scrupulous man than the criminal code requires me to be, or than my pecuniary interest merely would tempt me to be."

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE MASSACHUSETTS TIPLER.

Boston, Aug. 7, 1869.

THE controversy which has lately arisen between the Springfield Republican and the State Constable, as to whether the Prohibitory Law is enforced in this State, exhibits in an amusing light the difficulties which beset the enquirer after truth in this matter. For if the enquirer after truth conducts his enquiries in the channels indicated by the officials charged with the enforcement of the law, he inevitably reaches the conclusion that the sale of liquor is an offence of the past, that the bars are indeed closed, and that the very liquor-dealers of other days have abandoned their noxious vocation and betaken themselves to those harmless pursuits in which the friends of reform have always hoped to see them sooner or later engaged. On the other hand, if the said enquirer reads the various publications in the "rum interest," he finds, to his amazement, that, if the bars are all closed, the little rooms behind the bar at any rate are open; that the sale of ardent spirits goes on at a fast and furious rate; and that the Liquor Law is a farce. In this state of things, the experimental philosopher has nothing left but to relinquish all hope of acquiring truth from either the officers of the law or from the "great independent organs of public opinion," and to institute an investigation on his own account. Animated by the desire to do this, I have lately made a short excursion along the coast of Massachusetts, and have done my best, in the interest of truth, to discover the precise amount of "enforcement" accorded to the inhabitants of the various towns on my route. The result I now proceed to lay before you, premising, however, that the names are omitted, for reasons too obvious to mention, and also that the places visited were not selected but taken at hap-hazard, so that they might fairly represent the general state of things.

The first place to which my friend and myself turned our steps was a little town, not far from a large city, where is kept a hotel famed for miles around for the excellence of its dinners; not a place which the noisy poor specially affect, but one where the sedate rich congregate. Lying quite off the usual lines of travel, not connected with the great centres of industry by any railroad, it seemed eminently a place where the absence of a hostile population would make enforcement of the law easy; it might be that in large towns and cities a truculent proletariat would defy the law, but here, in such sequestered loneliness, we should certainly find it triumphant. We were surprised, therefore, to discover about the bar-room that suspicious odor which may or may not be itself "within the statute," but which certainly betokens the presence of something that is. Nor was there wanting about the water belonging to the establishment, when poured into the bar tumblers, that peculiar flavor which reminds the guest of his predecessor's partiality for a more generous liquid. But all our doubts were finally removed when, on beginning our enquiries in the usual manner, we were served with what we called for with that promptness for which the hotel in question is famous, and with a publicity which we had not expected. Delivery, deglutition,

and payment all took place in the most open manner possible. I am bound to say, however, that on reappearing at the same hotel a week later, and attempting a second violation of the law, the proceedings were different. Whether it was that on this second occasion my enquiries were addressed not to the landlord, but to his assistant, and that this assistant was gifted with a mind more capable of distinctions than his employer, or whether it was simply accident, or whether it was caprice, I am unable to say, but certain it is that the ceremony was this time much more mysterious. In order fully to explain the case, let me go a little into detail. What I called for was a cobbler, and I called for it, naturally enough, in the bar-room. Now the wine was poured out, and the ice broken, and sugar put in, and the mixture shaken, to my certain knowledge, behind the bar—even the straw, I think, was inserted there. But when the final moment approached, all was changed. The face of the vendor, up to this period radiant with hospitable smiles, became suddenly overcast with hesitation and dread; he beckoned me silently, and silently I followed him. Evidently the law was now to be vindicated, and the vindication was accomplished, in the most simple manner possible, by handing my cobbler to me, not across the bar, but in the small room behind the bar. In order, sir, that you may appreciate the full force and legal effect of this, I append below a diagram of the premises.* On this second visit I improved my opportunities by interviewing the landlord, a genial and communicative man, who certainly had not much of the prohibitionist about him. The following conversation ensued:

"I suppose the Prohibitory Law does not give you much trouble down here?"

"Well, no; this isn't the kind of place they prohibit; small bars, and places where they make a noise, you see—those kind they shut right up, but they don't want to interfere with a quiet, respectable place like this, supported by business men; we don't have any rows here. The State Constables don't trouble us except when they want their dinner."

"So you sell just as much as ever?"

"Oh! yes; just as much as ever."

"But they have notified you to close your bar?"

"Oh! yes; they've notified us to close our bar—and we have closed our bar!"

The next place which we tested was a village a little further along the coast—once a flourishing town, but now inhabited chiefly by poor people, fishermen, and shoemakers, not supported by "business men." The only hotel we found in a state of great dilapidation, and the landlord could with difficulty be prevailed upon even to enter into conversation with us. When at length we had obtained a hearing, we asked if we could have a room. "Wa'al," the landlord said, "do n't know; do n't call late to take in strangers at this hotel." We asked, in some surprise, whom he did take in, on which it appeared that he was so disgusted with the Prohibitory Law that he proposed taking down his sign that night. His bar had been closed; and although, after our experience at —, we were at first at a loss to understand why this should lead to such violent measures on his part, the explanation was soon given. This, as I have already said, was not a place supported by "business men," and we found that places not so supported fared but badly in the hands of the State Constable. On this account, our host had determined to stop innkeeping. We prevailed upon him at length, however, to give us a bed, and then, becoming softened, he led the way to a mysterious closet, where the remnants of his former bar were to be seen, the life slowly and surely, but illegally, oozing out of them. Here he seemed to take a saturnine satisfaction in witnessing the violation of the law which was ruining him.

Our next stopping-place (excepting one where the closing had been very effectual) was a large town, which I will no further describe than by saying that one of Massachusetts' most noted sons once made it his home for a few weeks for the purpose of being elected to represent it in the National Legislature. There we found again that all the bars were closed; but rumor said that there was one hotel the landlord of which was "opposed to the law." To him we went. He was a thin, knowing-looking old man, and he at once assured us that it was impossible for him to comply with our request, because he could not be sure that we were not constables in search of evidence against him. We assured him we were not, and entered into conversation. We asked him how long he supposed this thing would last. "Well," said he, with great irritation, "as long as this petticoat law lasts, probably. We can't sell anything now. Even cigars they won't let us sell out of the case." We asked him how that was, and were told that it

* Our correspondent's diagram we do not reproduce. It represents the small room as being not at all a secluded place nor one difficult of access.—ED. NATION.

was petticoat law also—a mistake on his part, of course; but he was quite convinced of the truth of what he said. "All the bars are closed in—, are they not?" "Oh! yes," he said, "all closed." We waited a moment or two, and were rewarded for our patience. "We can sell cider," said the landlord, after a pause. We again waited. "I've got some very fine old cider, bottled in '51," he continued; "if you'd like a bottle of that, I can give it to you." "Yes," we said, we should like a little of that; on which we were again conducted to a hospitable closet, whose shelves revealed a sad tale of crime and lawlessness. The landlord produced—but I must not go further, or his worst suspicions as to our connection with the Constabulary may seem justified. The relation which exists between certain vendors and vendees in this State is a confidential one, and faith must be kept. Cider, bottled in '51, was what we bought, the bar having been, as in the other cases, closed by action of the authorities.

We had seen enough to understand how the law was enforced in the country districts: it was time to return to Boston and see what had been done in our absence. The bars had all been closed there some time since, the matter had been much discussed in the newspapers, and there was now a good opportunity for seeing what had been really accomplished. I went to one of the prominent hotels, and, seating myself in the restaurant, asked a waiter whether he could bring me anything. "Anything I wished." What I called for was immediately brought. I asked how it was that this was done. "Oh!" said he, as if he were explaining everything, "the bar is closed." "And you sell everything as before?" "Oh! certainly, sir. In the restaurant, everything is furnished that is called for." "But how is it if any one goes to the bar itself?" "Oh! if any one goes to the bar, what he calls for is handed to him at the lunch-department, on the other side of the room."

And what is the upshot of all this? It can hardly be questioned by any candid person who reads the admissions of the various persons whose testimony I have already given that the bars in the towns visited are thoroughly closed, and therefore assertions by the State Constable to this effect are amply substantiated. The bars are closed, notwithstanding the insinuations of the *Springfield Republican*, not only in the country, but in that very centre of the criminal traffic itself—in Boston. On the other hand, there seems no room for doubt that allegations like those of the *Republican*, to the effect that the sale of liquor goes actively on, are entirely worthy of credit, and can be proved to the satisfaction of any doubting mind. Further, the investigations conducted by me all point to the conclusion that the enforcement at present in vogue is an enforcement against the poor, but not the rich. Those places supported by "business men" go scot-free; and even in small towns, such as those I visited, where enforcement is the strictest, the business man is at no loss to find the key to the mysterious closet, or the means of approaching "the other side of the room." With the poor, however, the case is different. Every day we read descriptions of ferocious descents by the Constabulary on some small dealer in some obscure quarter, of seizures of his whiskey, and consequent vindications of the majesty of the law.

"A PROGRESSIVE MAN."

FRANCE.

PARIS, July 23, 1869.

ONE of the papers of the "moderate opposition" published two days back a list of the various movements, backwards and forwards, that the Emperor has made since the elections; and they certainly are curious enough. First, there is the letter to M. de Mackau, saying that no government that "respects itself" ever makes "concessions;" secondly, the decoration conferred upon M. Jérôme David, the notorious *réactionnaire*; thirdly, the letter to M. Schneider declaring that the said "decoration" meant nothing at all; fourthly, the "message" purporting to grant no end of "concessions" to the Chamber; fifthly, the decree shutting the Chamber up; sixthly, the offers of the Ministry to certain members of the Left Centre; seventhly, the nomination of ministers taken exclusively from amongst the nullities of the "Right;" eighthly, the maintenance of the decree which suspends the Chamber; and, lastly, the letter to M. du Miral, which says this is against the Emperor's will. It would probably be impossible to find an example of any other sovereign in Europe who has given such a quick succession of proofs of irresolution in such a short space of time. But those who have been used to the Emperor since his early days feel no astonishment whatever at this excessive weakness of purpose, but say that in every occasion of his whole life, great or small, he has never had a will of his own. In truth, if you track back to the *coup d'état*, you will find not so much Louis Napoleon as St. Arnaud, Fleury, de Morny—the

men, in short, of desperate fortunes, who, having been made the confidants of the Prince's dreams, determined that they should become realities. His nerve failed him, according to the most reliable accounts, ten times every day. And so again with the Italian war of '59. If it had not been for Cavour and Orsini, that war would no more have taken place than has the war the Emperor has been dreaming of ever since the Prussian victories of '66. And again with Mexico; in the outset it was the determination of M. de Morny and the Empress combined which brought about that never-enough-to-be-reprobated expedition. The external world made its "Emperor" according to a species of traditional image, and set it up, and said "this is he;" but "he" was all the while nothing of the kind, as his intimates were for ever repeating. After Mexico came Von Bismarck and the collapse of Austria; and a corresponding collapse became visible in the ruler of France. Since that day—since the day when there was really a man with a will in Europe—the phantom "ogre of the Seine" has vanished. Neither at home nor abroad has he any more terror spread around him, and the truth of Cardinal Antonelli's famous words has grown evident: "Walk up to him boldly, and he will always recede."

But the fact of Louis Napoleon's weakness being found out does not make the situation more easy or more agreeable. France has no institutions, no men, and no school wherein to form men for the future. I speak this of the classes whence politicians are taken—of what in England are called the "governing classes;" but if you descend a step lower—if you examine the lower classes, the "masses," you start back in affright at the monstrous amount of ignorance you find. Not only is instruction, learning, whatsoever comes under the term "education," wanting, but there is a total failure of the special teaching which is necessary to the poor at every hour of their lives. You will hardly believe me if I tell you that in the provinces the daughters of peasants learn neither how to sew nor how to cook! French peasants are deplorably ill-fed; but as much comes from the ignorance of the mother of the family as from insufficient means. Try to tell a French peasant's wife how she may make a good and nutritious soup out of breast and flaps of mutton, with a bit of beef-bone, and she will snarl at you, and say you want her to feed on "offal" because she is poor, and you, "the rich man," want to keep the proper pieces of meat for yourself. Give her a couple of pounds of good rump of beef if you will, and she does not know how to make it into soup. She will either put it into six times the water it requires, or put in the water hot, or boil it, or in some way spoil it completely. Nay, for that matter, the rarest thing going is, even in Paris, to find any cook, man or woman, knowing how to make a genuinely good *pot au feu*. This fact is well known to the French soldier, who is the only true maker of a first-rate *pot au feu*, and who looks on aghast at the muddle made of this excellent food by cooks "in kitchens." The simple fact is that they don't learn, and that, throughout the land, neither the peasant's wife nor the girl who hires herself out to small households in towns as a cook has ever learnt how to make the best of her raw material. Well, then, the consequence is that the laboring man is mostly fed upon a sort of hog-wash made of carrots, turnips, and cabbages, boiled in water, mashed and hashed together, into which, on "great days," a nasty bit of hard, ill-salted pork is shoved. So much for the cooking. As to the needle-and-thread business, I would ask any observant traveller to look at the way in which the clothes worn by the female peasants are mended. Patches are admitted everywhere, and a patch may be of a different color or stuff from the garment itself; but it is in the way in which a patch is inserted and sewn in that you recognize the careful housewife. On the blouses and trousers of a French laborer you will seldom see a patch neatly put. It will be puckered in one corner, or the edges will be left jagged, so as to make them liable to catch in something and tear out again. It is never "clean work." And this is the ruling fault throughout this country; no one is taught the value of clean work. What precision is inwardly to a man's character and mind it is outwardly to the fashion of his work; above all is precision necessary to women. This is not the fault of the poor people themselves. There are no schools in which they can learn what they most need. A wretchedly insufficient number of these exist, in which Jesuits, or *Frères Ignorantins*, or Sisters of Charity, teach as ill as possible a certain sum of that knowledge which comes under the head of "education;" but of what the "housewife" will require in her poor little *ménage*, so as to make her husband more comfortable and her children cleaner—of that no French child in town or country ever learns anything.

Much of all this absence of proper, practical, and what I would call "professional" education (above all, for women) is ascribed to the influence of the clergy; and undoubtedly the Jesuits have done all they could to keep

the population in darkness. But that does not bear upon technical instruction. The Jesuit will, if he can, keep a man from learning history faithfully and truly; but there is nothing in the fact of knowing how to sew or to cook which prevents superstitious practices; therefore, the Jesuit would have no objection to that. A woman may make the best soup in the world, and write letters to the Virgin—which she devoutly believes the Virgin replies to! One does not prevent the other. No; it is simply that the want of the sort of practical education I allude to has never been adverted to—that is all.

This question of education, as connected with the clergy, does, however, bring one to perhaps the most radical foundation of morality and immorality in France. Little by little the two parties—one in favor of obscurantism, the other in favor of enlightenment—are growing more decided and doing battle more openly as the Ecumenical Council at Rome is looming in the distance. At the head of the modern liberals stand the Père Hyacinthe, the Père Gratry, the Archbishop of Paris, and a few others of their description—and a hot time they are beginning to have of it now. The event which, in this respect, has created the greatest sensation is the last meeting held in Paris by the International Peace League. The Père Gratry, prevented from attending in person, wrote a letter to the president, which was publicly read, in which he said that the state elections proved that France was determined (and equally so) upon two things—upon freedom and upon peace. After this letter had been read, and Messrs. Michel Chevalier and Passy had made their speeches, the Père Hyacinthe delivered an oration upon peace and upon the conquests of modern science and industry which is still ringing in the ears of the Ultramontanists. But this subject would lead too far at the close of a letter. In a future one, I will enter more at length into the female education question; the disputes of the clergy and the university; the Bishop of Orleans and M. Duruy; the freethinkers and the Princesse de Beauvais' admirable establishment; the union of science with faith—and the results all this leads to.

Correspondence.

THE PHILOLOGICAL CONVENTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The "literary note" in your last number, on the subject of the late Philological Convention at Poughkeepsie, touches the main points of interest in its action so fairly that little more need be said about it; yet, to one or two points there suggested, it may be well to direct a little further attention. The convention was properly regarded by those most interested in it as a decided success; the more gratifying inasmuch as men had doubted before whether American scholars in this department had enough *esprit de corps*—enough enlightened interest in the higher phases of their work—to bring them together in any respectable number. To see assembled a hundred men—professors, teachers, and private scholars—whose main study was language and literature, was cheering to the eyes of those who love sound learning. That many were wanting who should have been in the gathering was so much the worse for them; their lack of faith in the movement this time was natural and excusable; perhaps they will see reason to do better next year. The spirit of the assemblage, too, was all that could be desired; no one seemed to have come with "an axe to grind," or with the selfish intent to thrust his little self and his little concerns unduly before the public eye. No time was lost in wrangling over matters incapable of settlement, or in tedious discussion of business details; and it was refreshing to behold a constitution of forty lines adopted without dissent in five minutes, under the efficient management of the Constituent Committee's representative, and the convention, in the sequel, resolved into an association, and in full operation as such, in about five minutes more. That the time of the meeting was always occupied by the most important subjects, and duly apportioned to their several importance, no one will claim; but all the papers offered by their authors were read, and most of them talked over, with what fulness and insight there was time and talent for. Our philological brigade is not yet so organized as to have its acknowledged chiefs, commissioned from above; nor is it likely ever to be so well disciplined as to assemble simply to listen to and obey any such chiefs. While the general average of our philology is as low as it is, the average merit of the utterances of our philological conventions cannot be very high; for the one must of course represent the other. We have many scholars who, in their pent-up spheres of labor, do not know what their fellows have already learned and left behind them, and what are the

living questions of the time; and they cannot well avoid exposing themselves a little, before they find out. And we have not many scholars, perhaps, who, in a field so long and so thoroughly cultivated as philology, can do work whose results, if brought out before the eyes of the world, would be deemed real contributions to philological science.

The paper which had most decidedly this character at the late meeting was one on the methods of etymologizing in our native Indian languages; and the convention showed, by the warm interest with which they received it, how well they appreciated its character, and how ready they were to accept and profit by things of solid worth. The highest degree of enthusiasm awakened was called out by the appearance and words of one who had spent forty years laboring as a missionary among the Indians of Canada—one of those men, lovers of knowledge as well as of religion, who in so many lands do honor to the name of American missionary. Indeed, the amount of attention given to our aboriginal tongues—that vast field of philological exploration which lies nearest to us, inviting and demanding our labor—was one of the gratifying features of the occasion. Far too much of the time of the convention, no doubt, was occupied with discursive and pointless disquisitions on matters connected with general philologic pedagogy (not including the subject of pronunciation, the discussion of which was timely and able, and the result reached a valuable one); and this was so keenly felt by many of the members that the same mistake can hardly be made again. The paper to which you take especial exception—the elaborate derogation of classical studies in the guise of their extollation—appeared to be condemned by the general sense, as conceived in the wrong tone and style. If papers of this class, however, are to be excluded, it must be mainly by the pressure of better ones. And no American scholar need have been restrained from offering the best work he is capable of producing by fear of finding an audience inattentive and unappreciative.

The main use of the organization, it should seem, must be to make our scholars in language acquainted with one another, to teach them severally what the rest are thinking and talking of, and to stimulate them to productive effort outside the class-room. Where and how what is produced shall be placed on permanent record is a matter of minor consequence. For the establishment of a journal, for the exercise of any critical control over the philological force of the country, such a society is too miscellaneous and too little centralized. But a small part of what is best among the papers of the kindred scientific association finds its way to the public through the proceedings of that body. And how small a part of its papers are fit to be brought before the wider scientific public at all! How much is aimed over the heads of the Association itself at the ladies and the laymen in the outskirts and in the galleries! No one who has the interests of American science truly at heart comes away from one of those meetings without a strong dash of mortification through his satisfaction. That it will be thus with the Philological Association also there is no good reason to doubt. Yet, so long as on the whole it shall accomplish good, and be one of the agencies tending to raise the character of American scholarship, our duty will plainly be to keep it alive and labor earnestly for its prosperity.

Who knows but the new Association may contribute an item toward the settlement of the conflict now raging as to the respective advantages of a scientific and classical training, by showing how a crowd of philologists behave when they get together; how wisely and how well, in point of style and spirit, they talk and write; and what superior appreciation they show of the real claims of studies lying outside their own beats! Certainly, if they are to justify the assumptions of some among their number, they need to set a shining example in all these respects. And they must be prepared for sharp criticism on the part of the public that is looking on from without, and that will not fail to draw its comparisons.

We have made, as you truly say, a promising beginning: what it will lead to must be determined hereafter. No such thing succeeds without hard work on the part of a good many persons; and those who stand aloof, ready in case of failure to say, "I told you so," will have the satisfaction of feeling that they have helped the fulfilment of their own forebodings. There has been thus far, in this country, no organized body of men whose business it was to hear and judge essays in all the different branches of philological science; there has been, and still is, no periodical in which such essays could look and feel at home. The Philological Association promises to take away from us one of these reproaches; it may be hoped that its influence will lead to the removal of the other also.

AUGUST 9, 1869.

T. P.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & Co. announce "The Suez Ship Canal," by E. Hepple Hall.—Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce "The History of Canada from its First Discovery to the Present Time"—a very good subject, indeed; "Erling the Bold: a Tale of the Norse Sea-Kings," by Mr. Ballantyne, the author of "Deep Down;" "Adventures of a Baltimore Trader on the Coast of the Pacific," by Mr. Geo. Standish; "A Wreath of Rhymes" and "Poems," the one by "Millie Mayfield" and the other to be published under the equally good name of "Xariffa," a new work by "Ouida;" Volumes II. and III. of Allibone's "Dictionary," which complete that desirable book; Globe editions of "Wordsworth" and "Burns;" and nineteen or twenty volumes of pocket editions of "English Classics," such as the "Vicar of Wakefield," "Collins and Gray," "Goldsmith," "Locke on the Human Understanding," Falconer's "Shipwreck," Thomson's "Seasons," St. Pierre's "Paul and Virginia," Madame Cottin's "Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia," and a dozen others of the old favorites—"classics" or not. A set of "unclassics" would be a welcome gift from some right-minded publisher—some of the old good-for-nothing books that used to have the credit of unsettling the female mind, but over which the female mind of our better day would preserve a perfect equilibrium—books like the "Female Don Quixote" and the "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and other tales of wonder, out of which amusement would still be got by a good number of readers.—Mr. P. Donahoe announces "The Irish Widow's Son; or, The Pikeman of '98," by Mr. Con O'Leary.—"The Spanish Barber" is a story of the dissemination of the Scriptures in Spain by the author of "Mary Powell." It is to be issued by Mr. M. W. Dodd.—Fields, Osgood & Co. do not yet make their fall announcements, but they add to their list "Sermons by Stopford Brooke."—Messrs. Kelly, Piet & Co. have in press "The Life of Madame Louise de France," "The Life and Revelations of St. Gertrude;" "The Day Sanctified: being Meditations and Spiritual Readings for Daily Use," selected from the works of Saints and approved writers, and a set of Miss Edgeworth's "Parent's Assistant," "Popular Tales," and "Moral Tales."—Mr. George A. Leavitt announces "Remember," an illustrated keepsake annual, by Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Stoddard, which is a gift-book for 1870; "From Year to Year," another illustrated annual, by the Misses Cary; "Women of Worth and Beauty," which also is illustrated, and a gift-book; "The Shakespeare Annual," and new editions of "Byron," "Burns," "Pope," "Scott," "Cowper," "Moore," and "Fielding."—Among their technical medical works Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston announce three which may prove to be worth lay attention: "Fetide, or Criminal Abortion"—a lecture by Professor Hodge, of the University of Pennsylvania; "On Athletic Training and Health," by Dr. Harrison; and "On the Human Hair," by Dr. Baeder.—Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son announce for republication "Christopher Kenrick," by the author of "Blindpits."—Roberts Brothers announce "Roman Imperialism"—the recent article by Professor Seeley, the author of "Ecce Homo;" and "Tales from the Old Dramatists," by Shirley Brooks, who has struck a mine worth working.

—The last *New Englander* contains several purely secular articles of great interest, and, amongst others, one on the *Alabama* question from President Woolsey; being a careful and elaborate statement of the opinions which were hastily expressed in his College lectures, of which an imperfect report appeared two months ago. There is nothing new in the ground he takes, but he fortifies it with more care and precision. He deals first with what we may call the "fons et origo malorum" theory about the Queen's Proclamation, which formed the web of Mr. Sumner's speech, and leaves hardly a shred of it. His treatment of the great "pacific blockade" theory, which formed the warp of the speech, he deals with in the same manner. In fact, he denies it any place whatever in international law, and says it is a "nondescript—half lion, half lamb." Responsibility for the *Alabama* doings, however, he brings home to England with unanswerable force; and we recommend all orators and writers who have it in contemplation to give vent to their feelings hereafter on this subject to study the article. We are sorry to see that he makes no mention of Senator Sumner's application of the "law of nuisance" to the *Alabama* case. This we have always looked on as the spiciest and most original portion of the speech, and are disappointed in finding it passed over without notice.

—The "University of the State of New York," which has just held a sixth

annual "convocation" in the Assembly Chamber at Albany, is an entity as to whose status there is some degree of misapprehension in the popular mind. Most of the newspapers which have noticed that anniversary have done so under the heading "College Commencements;" and the more prominent of the "regents of the university" there assembled—such as Chancellor Pruyn, Vice-Chancellor Verplanck, and Generals Wetmore and Leavenworth—have been classified as "eminent instructors." Many well-informed people confound the body in question with the "University of the City of New York;" others believe it to be a legal fiction; and even that fountain-head of authority, Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, has been obliged to devote a separate paragraph, under the word *university*, to define the eccentric New York institution which under that name bewilders all ordinary minds. If, then, this venerable myth be not, as has been so generally believed, a legal fiction, but, as Chancellor Pruyn has recently felt justified in calling it, "a glorious reality," we have reason to rejoice that an institution of such magnificent possibilities has come out of the dead past into the living present. For it is undeniable, that during the half-century which preceded the first session of the "convocation" in 1863, that body had very illy answered the requirements of a university in either the English or American sense of that elastic word. But we would fain believe that better days have dawned. The several annual sessions of the University convocation have been very useful gatherings, and have steadily grown in influence and popular appreciation. The sixth anniversary, just celebrated, was more numerous attended than ever, was honored by the presence of eminent educators, discussed "live" subjects, and came to useful conclusions.

—Among new English books of Poetry we find mentioned one by the widow of the late Mr. T. K. Hervey, a literary journalist of some repute. "Our Legends and Our Lives" is the title of the work, and its author's name is Eleanor Louisa Hervey. It is described as being of the nature of gift-book poetry, which description would answer for most of Mr. Hervey's verse, a volume of which was published a year or two ago by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. To the three Cornish "Mysteries" hitherto known a fourth has been added. It was discovered by the Rev. Mr. Robert Williams, the author of a Cornish Dictionary, who, with a Mr. Wynne, was engaged in cataloguing a collection of manuscripts known as the Hengwert and Peniarth manuscripts. "The Ballad History of the Wonderful Derby Ram, detailed from its stupendous origin to its tragical termination in a series of Imaginative Sketches, and with an Introduction and Notes," is the work of Mr. Priestman Atkinson and Mr. Alfred Wallis, the latter having furnished the prefatory and explanatory matter. Mr. William Morris has decided to publish the volume of autumn tales which are to form a part of his "Earthly Paradise," in November next, instead of waiting till May, when the winter tales will be ready, and the work will be completed. A Mr. David Johnston has executed a new line-for-line translation of the Divine Comedy. He employs blank verse, and his work is commended by those who have seen it; but most of the curious who may wish to compare it with Mr. Longfellow's translation will be disappointed, as the three volumes are privately printed. Of more interest than any publication that we have yet mentioned under the head of poetry, is the "Life, Letters, Prose Remains, and Poems of Arthur Hugh Clough," which will have an appreciative and loving American audience, if not so large a one as it will have in England. No doubt the two volumes which Messrs. Macmillan & Co. announce will contain all that was in the volume which was privately printed some years ago, and is known to a few of the American admirers of the poet, whom some think the poet most characteristic of this nineteenth century of ours, and to whom it is possible to give higher praise than that. Mr. G. W. Edginton puts forth the second volume of his translation of the "Odyssey," done into a kind of so-called verse invented by himself. The Early English Text Society intends to issue early next year a long alliterative poem on the Fall of Troy, which Mr. Robert Morris declares to be the production of some West Midland poet, and which Mr. D. Donaldson, on the other hand, declares to be by the Scotch poet, Huchowne, the writer of several alliterative poems, who is conjecturally identified with Sir Hugh Eglington. Mr. Laing's "Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland" goes into a new edition, and in October there is to be a complete edition of Sir David Lyndesay's works.

—We may place among books of English fiction the "Aventures d'Alice au Pays de Merveilles," which is a translation of the Rev. Mr. Lewis Carroll's now famous story-book, which has reached its sixteenth edition in English, and has been translated into German. Alice was originally put in print, we hear, for the author's own children, but she bids

fair to delight millions of people, big and little, outside of her native parsonage. A work of another writer for children, the Rev. Mr. George Macdonald's "Seaboard Parish," goes into a second edition. Messrs. Trübner & Co. announce a translation by Captain H. Rogers, R. E., of a Burmese book of fables, entitled "Buddhahosha's Parables." Professor Max Müller furnishes an introduction, which contains Buddha's "Dhammapadam," or Path to Virtue. And here we may mention that Mr. Otto Kistner has just issued through Messrs. Trübner & Co. a bibliographical work containing the titles of almost a thousand works, greater or smaller, on Buddha and Buddhism—a list which is supplemented by Mr. William E. A. Axon, who, in the last number of *Trübner's American and Oriental Literary Record*, gives thirty-three titles of books and articles which had escaped Mr. Kistner's attention. Among works in History and Biography the one which bids fair to be most interesting is a life of Lord Palmerston, which is to be done by Sir Henry Bulwer. It is said that Palmerston left behind him a very full diary, extending back as far as 1827, and that his widow has put it into the hands of Sir Henry. Another book of secret history is the "Memoirs" of the Honorable William Wickham, a gentleman who was employed by the English Ministry, during the wars against Napoleon, to distribute the British gold which kept England's allies up to their work. The anecdotes related are said to be very amusing, and the revelations made to be of a surprising character. Of notes of travel we find two or three worth mention: Mr. Hepworth Dixon is to "do" Russia, which country he is soon to visit. Mr. Consul Petherick and his wife have written "Travels in Central Asia; an Exploration of the Western Nile Tributaries." A country about which little is known, British Guiana, is treated of by Joseph Beaumont, late Chief-Justice of the colony. "Five Years in British Guiana; a Description of that Country and its Peoples, and an Account of their Political and Social Condition," is the title of the work, which ought to be fresh and interesting. Among scientific works announced or newly published, one that the general reader will probably find as interesting as any other is by Dr. Charles Elam, and is entitled "A Physician's Problems," which is described not very lucidly as "a contribution to the natural history of Thought and Action, Brain, Mind, and Nerves." Perhaps the reader may be helped by learning that one of the chapters deals with "Reverie and Abstraction," another with "Moral and Criminal Epidemics," and another with "Natural Heritage." Sir James Clark, M.D., has written a memoir of Dr. John Conolly, in which he gives an account of the present improved system of treating the insane in England and other countries. Under the head of Science we suppose we may put a reply to Mr. Mill's "Subjection of Women." It is anonymous, and has the undecorative title of "The Grosvenor Papers." And perhaps we may range under the same head "An Entirely New and Complete System of Universal Line Writing and Steno-Phonography," which is by Mr. Melville Bell, whose name most of our readers will recollect as that of the inventor of a system of "visible speech" which was more successful as a realization of an old dream than most people expected. A book that may be classed as Miscellaneous, which will have an interest for certain sections of the reading public, is "A Report by the Committee on Intemperance from the Lower House of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury"—that same province being in all probability the spot on the earth's surface where there is most drinking and most drunkenness.

—At the head of the new English books pertaining to Theology and Religion—at the head of them so far as concerns the interest taken in such books by the untheological reader—is the announced "Select Correspondence of Keble." At the request of the poet's representatives the Rev. Dr. Moberly has undertaken the task of editor, and notice is given that any one who has in possession important or characteristic letters of Mr. Keble will confer a favor by communicating with Dr. Moberly on the subject. We may add that, on application made by Mr. Browning, Mr. Tennyson, Lord Russell, Herman Merivale, and others equally distinguished, the Dean of Westminster has given the required permission for the erection in Poet's Corner of a tablet to Keble's memory. Another work of some general interest is Mr. S. Baring-Gould's "Origin and Development of Religious Beliefs." It is, perhaps, likely to be curious rather than very weighty; though, for that matter, it is as likely to be as decidedly polemical as anything else, for Mr. Gould is a Ritualist of an advanced type, and has already struck some telling blows in print at his opponents, whom he hates with a good, sound, theological hatred; apparently he does; at all events, he hits out with quite a degree of viciousness, and is at the same time facetious, and enjoys the spilling of blood. The Rev. Mr. Orby Shipley, who is very well known as a Ritualist leader—or rather file leader—issues

a new edition of a volume of his Ascetic Library—namely, the "Counsels upon Holiness of Life," which is from the Spanish of Luis de Granada. Whatever else he may be, Mr. Shipley is an editor of taste and judgment. That is to say, he is an editor of judgment so far as concerns catering to his own public, which is a public that reads eagerly the almost impossible things of Faber—things which are actually written, or one would hardly believe they could be; and he is an editor of taste so far as regards the external appearance of his books, which is always pretty enough to tempt the reader, and which we wish our other religious editors and publishing committees would imitate. An American theological or religious work is nine times in ten so repulsive in the matter of print, paper, and binding as to give needless pain to any person of susceptibility, and, we really have little doubt, partly to neutralize the good which may be done by the contents of the volume. "What is Ritualism?" is by an anonymous author who calls himself "Excelsior," but whom Ritualists would not allow that name, for he is so Low Church that, after being severe with the advanced High Church for several pages, he closes his pamphlet with the prophecy that "Ritualism will be exposed, formalism abolished, and the Church purified from the pollution." Another work on the same side of the Anglo-Catholic controversy is "The Advance of Popery in this Country," by Mr. J. C. Philpot, a Fellow of Worcester, Oxford. It is said to be eloquent, but to lack notes and an index. "Broad," rather than "High" or "Low" or "Anglo-Catholic," we take Mr. Augustus Clissold to be. He has written a two-shilling pamphlet on the question, "The Centre of Unity: What is it? Charity or Authority?" And while the controversy thus rages as to the doctrines of the Church, and it seems as if she must be rent in twain, or into many parts, the attack on the temporalities begun by the disestablishment of the Irish branch of the Church has to be met, and will not be resisted by the united factions, which are quarrelling with each other spiritually; for if the Ritualistic party could have their way, there is little doubt that we should see disestablishment in England before two years were over. However, there are enough to fight disestablishment without the Anglo-Catholics, and a very firm and united front we may rely on the others to show, whatever may be their private opinions of each other's future state. Mr. Charles Hastings Collette is already out with "A Reply to Cobbett's History of the Protestant Reformation in England and Ireland." Mr. Collette edits and compiles the labors of others.

—A rumor has been current that *Punch* has just been sold by Messrs. Bradbury & Evans for what at first glance seems the very small sum of £7,000. So famous a paper could hardly be worth less, we suppose; especially a paper published among a people who are not particularly quick-witted, and who have believed in *Punch* years enough to make it quite certain that it may be stupid for quite a number of years without being found out by its public. For some little time, however, it has been found out by its more discerning readers, especially by its American readers, who during the war had their eyes wonderfully opened to the dulness of all jokers whose jokes were cracked on the wrong side. But the fact is, that whatever it was that opened people's eyes, when once they were opened, there was the stupidity plainly to be seen. Always, indeed, except in its very great days—the days of Blanchard, Thackeray, and Jerrold—its main dependence was on its draughtsmen and on an occasional lucky hit, rather than on anything like sustained excellence; but of late years it has had neither the one nor the other, and the aged jester has long given the spectator a pretty unmixed sensation, not very mirth-provoking, of the same sort that he gets when he sees the rheumatic old clown grimacing on the sawdust where he can no longer win golden opinions. And apart from its inferiority to its former self, it has latterly had a good many rivals, each not much, if at all, inferior to itself. The *Tomahawk* has had some full-page pictures, or cartoons, as they are called, which have been better than anything *Punch* has had since the *Tomahawk* began operations—indeed, have been so remarkable some of them, for grim imaginative power as to take them at once up into the region of true art. So of the *Vanity Fair* caricatures—to call them so—they have been of a high order of artistic excellence, and have made the paper in which they appeared more desirable than *Punch*; and to mention no other rivals, for a long time *Fun* has been, so far as we can see, quite as good as its patriarchal contemporary. The new owner of *Punch*—if it really has a new owner—is a Mr. Agnew, of Manchester, who will perhaps infuse some new blood into its veins, as everybody will be glad to see him do, despite the sins of his patient,

LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE IN CHICAGO.*

THESE two pamphlets are complements of each other, and, taken together, give a comprehensive synopsis of the general facts bearing on the subject of parks for cities, and valuable suggestions as to the way in which the experience of other cities may be of service to Chicago. Each pamphlet is characteristic of the tastes and occupations of its author. The larger, by Dr. Rauch, is full of statistics and generalizing, and is chiefly valuable as an encyclopedic article on the subject. The author brings together a great deal of useful and interesting detail about the past and present of public grounds; and, in order to omit nothing, begins his enquiries at the period when the Garden of Eden was opened to the public. Then he carries the reader through religious, classical, and modern history, and comes on down to the Central and Prospect Parks—the two last great works about which we have any definite knowledge—and proves conclusively that a demand for parks is innate in man; that parks are necessary for the happiness and welfare of communities of men; that Chicago is a community of men; and that, therefore, a park or parks are essential to the present and future prosperity of Chicago. He wisely abstains from advising how or where to lay out the great park; but the importance of having one, and having it as soon as possible, he duly enforces.

In enumerating the public grounds of great cities, Dr. Rauch is more polite than discriminating in his description and judgments. Thus, in speaking of Boston, he says: "The Public Garden, which was once a portion of the Common, is now separated from it by Charles Street, and will soon rival it for beauty and usefulness." This, we think, must be gentle sarcasm if the doctor has an eye for effective and tasteful treatment of public grounds, or else it is flattery, as competent judges of such kinds of beauty consider that garden a fine monument of wasted opportunity. To call the drive round the muddy basin in Providence near the railroad depot a park is civil, but it is a misuse of language; and to praise the squares of Philadelphia, sacrificed, as they are, to the straight and diagonal walks and rows of soft maples and horse-chestnuts is encouraging the rest of the country to follow a very bad example. Dr. Rauch thinks that the part of Fairmount Park which has been for several years public property is tastefully laid out, and is a delightful place. Its situation, trees, and water deserve praise; and to escape from the dust and heat of the city to find such a breathing-place is delightful; but it is no better laid out or improved than the Boston Public Garden, and both of them should cover those who laid them out with discredit rather than honor. About one-third of the pamphlet is given up to the sanitary part of the subject. Here Dr. Rauch is strong, and the facts he brings together deserve attention, and are as important to the rest of the country as to Chicago.

Mr. Cleveland approaches the subject from a different point of view. He is a professional landscape gardener, of long experience and good taste. Casting aside all questions of health and tradition, he discusses the aesthetics of the subject. He divides his pamphlet between Boston and Chicago; Boston and its vicinity, with its hills and rocks, offering opportunities the opposite of those which belong to the nearly dead level of Chicago. He counsels Boston to convert her suburbs, the winding roads, picturesque ledges, and tree-clad hills of Dorchester, Roxbury, and Brookline, into a great park, by bringing every road to the perfection of a park-drive, and planting and decorating the roadsides, waste places, corner lots, and public areas. Such a system of treatment would greatly beautify the environs of the city, and is desirable under any circumstances, but, we think, rather as the introduction to a park and an adjunct of it than as its substitute. It is true, such a plan admits of indefinite extension, and permits the purchase of large areas which might be added to the general system, and then be laid out as lawn, meadow, or water. Without such open areas to give breadth of effect and great contrasts of light and shadow, form and color, there would be a fatiguing sameness in the plan proposed. However beautiful detail may be, and however varied in its application, we weary of it unless it is often relieved by the contrast of simplicity; the dead level of a snow-covered lake in winter is often as beautiful as the play and sparkle of its water in summer; a wide reach of meadow, without a tree upon it, as pleasing as the most effective combinations of trees and flowers. Broad meadows and long vistas, bounded by a group of trees, say, a pleasant view, a fountain, or a sheet of water, are especially agreeable to those who live in thickly-settled places, where enclosures, houses, and people seem to "pre-empt" the air and sky, and forbid even the thoughts to wander out of the public highway. However perfectly Boston may lay out and en-

rich her highways and byways, let her never substitute what they give for the variety and grand effects that might be produced in many eligible areas which could be obtained by the city at a moderate price. When Mr. Cleveland turns to Chicago, with her level plains, he feels the want of variety, and dreads the tameness and sameness which is liable to follow any system that may be adopted in laying out a great park under such circumstances. Of course, the difficulties are very great, and the most skillful person will be unable to produce as much beauty or variety as come naturally with surfaces like the Central, Prospect, or Fairmount Parks; but the occasion should stimulate the artist; and, with money and time, a man of genius can make on the most level prairie a park which almost would leave nothing to be desired. Our author is less dismayed by the park on the prairie than by the long boulevard of fourteen miles which is to sustain and connect many little parks and squares. This boulevard will be three hundred feet wide, and gives little opportunity for variety. Mr. Cleveland thinks the wearying repetition of any kind of plantation may be relieved by converting the whole into an arboretum, where trees and shrubs planted in families can interest not only by their beauty, but by the facts of their family history. But, however scientific or tasteful the plantation may be along this boulevard, fourteen miles of it is sure to be tedious, if taken as a whole. That, however, is what it never will be; it will be seen and visited in sections, and if treated locally—contrasting, perhaps, one section with another, sometimes breaking away from trees entirely, and using only shrubs and flowers, grass, margins, or architectural adornment—sameness may be avoided, and a visitor kept actively interested all the time.

When men like Dr. Rauch and Mr. Cleveland begin to discuss carefully these subjects public attention will be aroused, and we may believe that good results will follow, and that not Chicago and Boston only, but all the large cities and towns in the United States will have their Prater, or Bois de Boulogne, or Champs Elysées, or Central Park.]

CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE.

IN our ordinary apprehension of individual death, the more sweeping catastrophe of the extinction of the entire human species seldom occurs to us. Dr. P. J. B. Cherubin has not only thought of it, but given the subject serious study, as is shown in his "*De l'Extinction des Espèces: Etudes Biologiques sur quelques unes des Lois qui régissent la Vie.*" No more than individuals, he says, have races indefinite duration; the fact of the existence of innumerable human generations does not prove the contrary; for the period embraced by them, however long it may appear as contrasted with the duration of human life, is, after all, but an insignificant space when compared with the thousands of ages that have elapsed since the origin of our globe. Paleontology demonstrates that species totally differing from those we see around us once existed on the earth and in the waters. Notwithstanding the immense distance we go back in the past by the aid of this science, and the tributes it brings by almost daily discoveries, no vestige of proof has yet been discovered authorizing the belief that species once obliterated have again, after any lapse of time, returned to light. True, these discoveries may serve to connect broken links in the chain of beings, or fill voids that have separated certain races one from another; but that is all. Such is the main idea of the author's thesis. His work is not so much a statement of discoveries made in paleontology and biology as deduction and reasoning from the mass of facts scientifically recognized and classified. On one capital point he appears to us wanting not only in clearness, but in fairness. The question of extinction is argued as though extinction had always been the result of gradual organic deterioration and ultimate decay, and allowance is not made for exterior causes, which have often been potent, such as climatic changes, deluges, earthquakes, and other convulsions of nature. And regarding Dr. Cherubin's idea of the insignificant period covered by the existence of innumerable human generations, we must say that it appears to us to be of formidable duration. If, at the expiration of more than forty or fifty centuries—to take only the extreme minimum claimed—there is not yet any perceptible symptom of deterioration, the extinction of the human race from gradual decay must be distant beyond calculation. In fact—leaving out of consideration, as being forms ideal or idealized, the figures left us by Greek art, which is almost as old as our earliest recorded history—the evidence would seem to show that, even as an animal merely, man does not deteriorate with the lapse of ages, but is improved.

During the past decade, the literary life of Switzerland has been most active, running mainly in the direction of historical studies and the reproduction of ancient MSS. of the mediæval and Reformation periods. Every

* "Public Parks: with Special Reference to the City of Chicago. By John H. Rauch, M.D." Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.
"The Public Grounds of Chicago. By H. W. S. Cleveland." Chicago: Charles D. Lahey.

canton has its Historical Society, the enthusiasm of their labor of love appears to have created an *entente cordiale* between Catholics and Protestants, and in the "Archiv des Schweizerischen Piusvereins" and the "Helvetia Sacra" the Swiss press furnish solid proofs of their successful researches. Archaeological studies are also cultivated with energy, and a work lately published at Lausanne, on the age of stone, the age of bronze, and the age of iron, might serve as an introduction to the essay by Dr. Cherubin of which we have just been speaking. It is "Monuments de l'Antiquité dans l'Europe Barbare," by Frédéric Troyon, who enjoys a certain reputation as the author of "The Fossil Man," or syllabus of studies on the most ancient traces of the existence of man. It is an archaeological arsenal.

Any one seeking information concerning the internal affairs of Cuba may find it in "Réformes dans les Iles de Cuba et de Porto Rico," by Porfirio Valiente, with a preface by Edouard Laboulaye. It does not appear from the work who Señor Valiente is, or what have been his opportunities for the acquisition of his knowledge, but he is certainly at home in his subject; his information is full, detailed, and apparently accurate, and a man "endorsed" by Laboulaye is not a person to be slighted. The history of the two colonies of Porto Rico and Cuba, all the questions—political, administrative, economical, and social, including those of slavery and the coolies—are treated with fulness and with what we are disposed to think entire command of the subject; certainly the statement of the Cuba question, so far as it has formed part of the politics and diplomatic history of the United States, is thorough and able. At page 227, the author states that, during the presidency of Mr. Polk, at a time when the Spanish treasury was exhausted, and a heavy war-debt was pressing on the Government, the then American Minister at Madrid proposed to the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs the cession of Cuba. The proposition was favorably entertained, and the price of the "Pearl" fixed at a hundred millions of dollars. The Cabinet at Washington approved of what was done, and authorized our Minister at Madrid to close the negotiation—endeavoring, if possible, to obtain some reduction in the price. Meantime, the secretary of the American Legation at Madrid, whom the Minister, on account of his ignorance of the Spanish language, had been obliged to call in as interpreter, visited Paris, where, at a dinner with some friends, he spoke of the negotiation. The intelligence was immediately transmitted to London by some one present, and, as a matter of course, the English Government interfered to prevent the consummation of the sale. Another illustration of the value of our system of regulating the civil service. We feel a reasonable certainty that the author of this work must be the Don Porfirio Valiente long known here in New York as an ardent and intelligent champion of Cuban independence—the same who accompanied Lopez on his fatal expedition, afterwards practised law in this city, and for some time edited a paper in the Spanish language—*El Porvenir*.

It is not often that Brazil favors us with a literary work. Yet here is "La Science et les Systèmes. Questions d'Histoire et de Philosophie Naturelle," by Don Pedro Americo Figueiredo e Mello: dedicated, with "eternal gratitude," to His Majesty the Emperor of Brazil, and published at Brussels. In its arrangement and groupings of historical development it is creditable to the infant literature of the empire, but it is not particularly strong or original in its reasonings.

"Seize Mois autour du Monde, 1867-69," by Jacques Siegfried, takes us pleasantly by Constantinople, Athens, Smyrna, Syria, Palestine, Alexandria, Cairo, the Red Sea, Bombay, Agra, Benares, Calcutta, Japan, over the Pacific to San Francisco, and across the Rocky Mountains to the Valley of the Mississippi. The author does not say so, but there is internal evidence showing that he travelled as an agent, either commercial or diplomatic, of the French Government. M. Siegfried is an Alsatian, and therefore has more of the modern idea of commercial enterprise than his countrymen of Southern and Eastern France. It is thus, we suppose, that he gives in his preface a glimpse of the situation at home, which is quite as interesting to the American reader as any of his trans-oceanic sketches. He complains of the absence of French enterprise. He finds the young men of England, America, or Germany numerous and active in China and Japan, taking home with them not only fortunes, but experience and enlarged ideas. In France, on the contrary, he complains they are still in the old beaten track, delving at Greek and Latin, strong in Greek mythology and in the names of the provinces that formed Alexander's empire, while profoundly ignorant of contemporary history and modern geography. Knowing nothing of modern languages, and particularly of the English, young Frenchmen are forced to search for a career in

their own country. The first evil resulting is the close struggle for civil office at home; and this is so great that the *ne plus ultra* of the ambition of a careful father is to obtain for his son some such place, where he may earn just enough to obtain a livelihood filled with privations. And this state of things is far from changing for the better. Then, while the dissatisfied Liberals of Germany and England naturally seek independence in foreign countries, discontented French Liberals are kept at home, and with smothered aspirations become the stuff that *révolutionnaires* are made of. According to M. Siegfried, Bombay has heard of the great American rebellion. Thus it was: Up to 1861, Bombay exported annually from 300,000 to 400,000 bales of cotton, worth twelve millions of dollars. Failing the American supply of 4,000,000 of bales, a colossal rise took place, and cotton, until then in Bombay worth 80 or 100 rupees, rose at once to 700 rupees. Such a stimulus worked wonders, and Bombay exported a million of bales, worth more than \$150,000,000. Oriental heads were turned; the wildest speculation set in; fifty new banks and companies had all their stock taken at fabulous prices; money no longer appeared to possess value. The only difficulty was how to invest it. The Back Bay Company, supposed to have deeply at heart the filling up of a small arm of the sea near the city, sold its first issue of stock at twelve times its nominal value. Every one counted his gains by the hundred thousand, and Premchund Roychund and some other native merchants became millionaires a hundred times over. Then, one fine May morning, came the news of Lee's surrender. Down went the card-houses; Back Bay, quoted at 60,000 rupees, sank to 150! Premchund Roychund failed for \$150,000,000, without a cent of assets, and the famous Bank of Bombay melted into air.

The commercial question is evidently uppermost in the mind of our author, but he has, nevertheless, an eye for the beauties of nature and art. His official position made him the recipient of several superb Oriental *fêtes*, such as are seen by few travellers. And then he describes the Taj-Mahal. What young woman that has read "St. Elmo"—and what young woman has not?—does not recall the sensation of inferiority and reverence impressed upon her by our gifted Alabamian's use of those mysterious words? M. Siegfried's description of this "poem in marble"—the tomb of the beautiful Nourmahal—is enthusiastic; for he places it above the Alps, St. Peter's, Naples, the Bosphorus, Michael Angelo's Moses, the Raphaels and the Murillos, Baalbec, Karnak, and the Acropolis. Then he goes to Hong Kong, where of the commercial expenditure three hundred millions is for opium. At Shamien, near Hong Kong, he sees with mortification the French portion of the European reservation—a vast desert space, waiting for the arrival of some French house, and waiting in vain. "Is it not shameful," he exclaims, "that our young men have not had enterprise enough to take their share with English, Americans, and Germans of this grand Chinese commerce?" The appendix contains much valuable commercial information in the shape of reports to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs; and an excellent map accompanies the book, which we heartily commend.

A. De Gaston, who modestly describes himself as "tout à la fois artiste, journaliste, encyclopédiste et romancier," bestows upon us "Constantinople en 1869," and sets out with this startling proposition: "Born in America, which familiarized me when quite young with the idea of long voyages, I have long been animated with an immense desire to visit the Orient." There is room for long voyages, one would say, between some of his thoughts. What is the connection between an ardent desire to go to Turkey and a familiarity with long distances? We regret to say it of our countryman, but it is the truth, that his book is vapid except when it is impertinent, is always superficial, is platitudinarian to the last degree, and is remarkable for stale anecdotes and an irresistible gravitation to a French theatre, wherever one is to be found.

The veteran historian, Capéfigue, gives us "Isabelle de Castille—Grandeur et Décadence de l'Espagne;" in which he sketches a rapid outline of the history of Spain, and dwells with some emphasis on the essentially Spanish (as contradistinguished from Roman) origin of the Inquisition. The necessities of the epoch and the situation must be understood to appreciate it; the Inquisition and the Holy Brotherhood (La Santa Hermandad)—frequently and ignorantly confounded—both came in under Isabella. Cervantes, in "Don Quixote," never lets an occasion pass of praising the Brotherhood. The Inquisition, in its first period, was a patriotic necessity, just as revolutionary tribunals and committees of public safety have been found to be in other countries. It was in its second period, as a mere tribunal of theology, that it earned its well-deserved odium.

Simultaneously, at the Hague and at Paris, have just appeared two works on Rembrandt—"Rembrandt Harmenszoon van Rijn"—that is to say, Rembrandt of the Rhine, son of Herman. They are "Rembrandt Harmensz. van Rijn: sa Vie et ses Œuvres, par C. Vosmaer," and "Rembrandt et l'Individualisme dans l'Art, par Ath. Coquerel fils." The dissertations of Ch. Blume, Thoré, Taine, and others on Rembrandt are well known to art-readers; and the fruits of the learned research of Immerzeel, Scheltema, and Millies for documents concerning the great artist, give us all the elements of a complete biography. Nevertheless, a book was yet wanting that should give a *résumé* of the labors of the critic and the archivist; and such a book M. Vosmaer has given us. A single detail shows with what conscientiousness his work is prepared. He has travelled throughout Europe, wherever a Rembrandt was to be found in a collection, and, with the exception of a few scattered in England and Russia, has thoroughly studied all the master's works. Of the valuable material accumulated by his predecessors he has made the best possible use, has added hitherto unpublished autograph letters of Rubens, and thrown satisfactory light on points hitherto problematic and disputed. The fault of the work is the common one—that it degenerates into panegyric. The author's enthusiastic admiration for his subject has utterly blinded him to his weaknesses and imperfections. Not a solitary stain will he recognize on his idol; and he appears to be satisfied that he has demonstrated that Rembrandt was not only the king of painters, but the man, *par excellence*, whose heart and whose character equalled his talents. Without believing the half that is told us by Housbraken, the Vasari of Holland, there is more than enough left to make M. Vosmaer's position simply absurd. "If we compare Rembrandt the artist," says M. Vosmaer, "we naturally think of Shakespeare," and, further, "Rembrandt the man brings up Michael Angelo." One reflects with some uneasiness as to what would have become of Ophelia and Imogen under the brush of the great painter of beggars. But to compare the quiet burgher of Amsterdam, whose cook had him for a lover, and who never took the slightest part in the affairs of his city or his country, with the grand genius who bearded Julius the Second and defended Florence against the tyranny of the Medici; with the chaste lover of Vittoria Colonna; with the austere thinker, who, pursued by honors, thrust them aside to remain in solitary contemplation of his art; with the worthy suitor of "divine poesy"—is pushing the parallelism too far altogether.

M. Coquerel's work is the reproduction of a lecture on Rembrandt delivered by him at Amsterdam, Paris, and other cities, and it has evidently been the subject of much polish and studious revision. The author does not dwell so much on the biography as the special artistic merit and characteristics of the great Dutch painter. Like M. Vosmaer, he yields to the temptation of comparing Rembrandt and Shakespeare—"ces deux géants du Nord." It tries the patience to be told that "there is nothing more lugubrious—no scene of horror more startling in the '*sombre dramaturge Anglais*'—than in any given picture of Rubens or in some of his engravings." Will our French friends never have done making unto themselves a Shakespeare that is half Molière and half Hoffman? M. Coquerel has written an interesting chapter on Rembrandt. Like M. Vosmaer, again, he volunteers to carry weight. M. Vosmaer's weight was Rembrandt's personal perfection. M. Coquerel's burden is the proposition that the accredited superiority of Catholicity over Protestantism in the fine arts is an entire mistake; but he argues as Protestant rather than artist, as most Protestant artists will tell him.

In his "Histoire de Léonard de Vinci," M. Arsène Houssaye has fallen very far short of the inspiration of his subject. Leonardo da Vinci, the many-sided man in a truer sense than that in which those words can be said of most on whom they are bestowed—the anatomist, chemist, musician, geologist, mathematician, improvisatore, poet, physician, subtle student of humanity, painter, and engineer—merits an infinitely better book than this. There is little in it not already told us by Vasari, Venturi, Stendhal, and Taine; and all of it is disfigured by overmuch declamation and a constant striving for antithesis. Beyond the biography, M. Houssaye gives us some interesting details concerning the search (June, 1863) for the remains of Da Vinci at Amboise, France, where he died and was buried, and in giving them to us reproduces Overbeck's interesting account of the discovery of Raphael's tomb at Rome.

In all Europe, there is no name more widely known in the literature of music than that of M. F. J. Fetis. Some thirty years ago he published his "Biographie Universelle des Musiciens," and he now announces as complete his long-looked-for "Histoire Générale de la Musique depuis les temps les plus anciens jusqu'à nos jours," in eight volumes, the first of

which is just issued from the press of Firmin Didot. Judging from the first volume, and from what we know of the author, his work will be found to be no mere review—a pretext for ingenuous research and elegant dissertation—but a thorough presentation of all that science and erudition can do for so vast a subject. The labor of fifty years of the first literary musician of Europe on such a theme cannot fail to produce a work that will create an epoch in the historiography of his art. Treated by him, the history of music is the reconstruction of an important fragment of the history of humanity. Music, says M. Fetis, "is the ideal art *par excellence*. Unlike poetry, painting, or statuary, it is not intended to produce the manifestation of determined ideas, or the representation of external objects; but its province is to awaken emotions and express sentiments whose endless modifications escape analysis. The poems of Homer, of Pindar, and of Anacreon fathered the poetry of Latin antiquity, of the Middle Ages, and of modern times; something of them may be found in the productions of the most original geniuses; Homer and Virgil still live in the poetical apocalypse of Dante, whose original creations have inspired his successors; the tragedy of Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles may be partly found in the tragedies of to-day; the statues and bas-reliefs of our artists differ but little in their aim from the productions of Phidias and Praxiteles, and not always do they excel them; to the art of the Grecian painters our modern artists have added nothing but perspective and more skilful shading of color; the object sought to be represented, which is nature, still remains the same. Music, on the contrary—vague in its essence and sublime in its effects—has, in the multiplicity of its forms, nothing identical but sound and time. Among the peoples of India, in China, among the Arabs, among the Greeks, in the mediæval plain chants, in the harmonic combinations of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, in the popular melodies of different nations, finally, in the dramatic or instrumental productions of our day, the art so little resembles itself that we feel tempted to attribute to it as many diverse origins. Imitation of nature is, within a certain limit, the necessary principle in the arts of design; that of music is spontaneous emotion." And this cannot be called mere enthusiastic eloquence; though whether we should allow M. Fetis the word "ideal" to use just as he uses it is a question. To defy analysis and to be most emotional is not to be truly ideal in the highest degree, though there is a school which seems to hold that belief—a school in literature as well as in other fields of human activity.

VIOUET-LE-DUC'S FRENCH MEDIEVAL ARCHITECTURE.*

THE remarkable series of works on the architecture, decoration, costume, and industrial arts of the Middle Ages in France, begun eleven years ago by the publication of the first volume of the work named below, now approaches completion. This work, the "Dictionary of Architecture," is finished; the "Dictionnaire du Mobilier" is in course of publication; and with these larger and general works should be named several smaller ones which have been issued at different times. The monographs upon the castles of Coucy and Pierrefonds are independent essays, illustrated, full, and of permanent interest; and the elaborate treatise on the military architecture of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance in France, though containing nearly the same matter as that given to the same subject in the larger work, under numerous titles and scattered through nine volumes, yet, by its thorough rearrangement and complete form, deserves the name of a separate and independent work. All these volumes are alike in form and size of page, and all have illustrations of the same character; there is constant reference from one work to another, and this of necessity, because many things must be considered in several aspects; and a general subject—as, for instance, carpenter-work or glass-painting—is to be thoroughly treated only when traced through a score of minor articles having to do with it, and seen reflected in a hundred illustrations meant to explain other things as well.

The encyclopedic character of this series of works is the more worth dwelling on because it is not the arts only that we have here a history of; we have a history of the condition of the people, of manners and customs in war and in peace, of the dress and habits, the enjoyments and sorrows, and almost of the whole daily life of those typical mediævals, the French. And it is rather to such special and technical treatises as these under consideration than to historical writing of the general and literary sort that we must look for a right use of the historical evidence contained in existing remains. What the French writers call *monuments*—namely,

* "Dictionnaire Raisonné de l'Architecture Française, du XI^e au XVI^e Siècle, par M. Viollet-le-Duc, Architecte du Gouvernement, Inspecteur Général des Édifices Diocésains." 10 volumes, of which one is a table, 8vo; about 5,000 woodcuts, Paris: formerly Baur, now A. Morel & Co. 1857-1869.

all works of art illustrative of an epoch, from a cathedral to a miniature or a jewel—are historical documents of great importance; and, for the proper treatment of them, we repeat we must go to the architects, the soldiers, the jewellers, and the collectors and investigators of the most recent times. The feeling of respect for the once despised relics of the past has been of modern growth; and with it has grown the sense that the relics are to be studied and the sense of how to study them. It is in men like M. Viollet-le-Duc that this feeling and knowledge first appear and produce the best results; and books such as his are and must long remain important to all historical students.

If we consider history, even in its more customary form, as a mere record of wars, we find it impossible to understand the record aright unless by close study of existing monuments (to take the French word in its own sense) we have learned how our fathers fought, how it was they triumphed, and how they died. It is well to know that Sir Walter Scott was not a very profound antiquarian, and that his knighthood and his monkery are false—mere figments of the brain, and interesting only because the brain was a dramatic poet's; but there are few among even our critical modern historians who could reconstruct the account of the siege of Torquilstone. As it stands in "Ivanhoe" it is altogether false—not one incident of it could have happened as it did; and it would be good to have somewhere an accessible and reliable account of some siege of the time—as of Chalus, where Cœur de Lion met his death, or of Chateau Gaillard, which Philip Augustus wrested from Cœur de Lion's feeble successor—that the student might be able to picture to himself as they happened, and not as they only can be fancied to have happened, the scenes of which he reads delightedly. Now, just this accurate knowledge is put within our reach by such books as these before us. The ruins of mediæval castles have been explored and studied, and in imagination restored; some of them have been actually restored or are in process of restoration; the contemporary literature has been searched for legends and stories, and the miniatures of contemporary manuscripts have been critically examined for what they might reveal to the practised eye; existing weapons and engines of war have been studied, and from the descriptions, the allusions, and the pictures lost ones have been made anew—even a trebuchet and a mangonel have been built and set to work; the singular system of defence by means of temporary wooden-covered galleries, mounted upon the walls when a siege threatened, the changes in this system, and its superseding in the fourteenth century by permanent machicolated galleries of stone, have been examined, practically experimented upon, and understood. The acumen and patience shown in all this research have been great, but not quite so marvellous as they at first appear, for practical knowledge is a great enlightener. M. Viollet-le-Duc, for instance, employed to restore the great château of Coucy, constructed and hung out from the walls of the donjon tower a scaffolding for his masons; and this he modelled after the hoarding which had been used for defence, and mounted and adjusted it by the means used for the hoarding as far as he could ascertain them. At all events, here was a means of building, and putting up a sufficient means of defence, actually tested. M. Viollet-le-Duc's galleries might have differed in inessential particulars from any which the defenders of the keep had ever put up; but more than one set of defences may have been used, all slightly different among themselves. The essential thing was to build boardings that would meet all the conditions, and perfectly account for and explain every putlog hole, corbel, groove, or eye left in the old masonry, as well as allow for the free use of every weapon known to the defenders, and provide for the perfect command of the whole site. Granted that much will always remain unexplained, the importance of learning in a scientific and practical way all we can learn is only the more plain. Historical truth is hard enough to get at, at the best. We have always, and shall have always, to contend against our ignorance of the real motives of men, and the daily loss of the unrecorded, unwritten, and almost unspoken daily history of the men who make history. And since all accounts of men's motives must be always untrustworthy—mere matter of conjecture, it behooves us to be very sure we understand exactly what they did, how they did it, and how they dressed, how they moved and looked, what language they spoke—in short, *how they seemed to their contemporaries*. Like the pictures that Dante saw on the path, as he climbed the mountain of Purgatory, the living should seem alive to us. And this truth of "local color"—this accurate picturing of the "situations" of the past—is not yet a part of the work of the historian. The poet has some of it seized for us; no one ought to be sure he understands the Italian republics until he has read "Sordello;" but the expert has more.

It is to be observed that antiquaries are all liable to as bad mistakes as

Mr. Oldbuck himself unless they are more than antiquaries. The dreadful oubliettes, dungeons where the victim cannot stand up nor lie down, nor find any comfort—inverted hollow cones into which the prisoner is thrown, and up whose walls of smooth stone he cannot climb—these bugbears of the Middle Ages become ice-houses sometimes when examined by unbelieving architects in search of facts. Horrid ditches full of bones are found to be in suspicious proximity to the kitchen, and the physiologist examines them and fails to find any vestiges of humanity. M. Viollet-le-Duc tells an interesting story about the identification of the *stimuli*, an effective sort of abbatiss, mentioned by Cæsar in his account of the siege of Alesia. The antiquaries had had the making of the notes of the school editions of Cæsar's Commentaries, and had misinformed generations of boys about these *stimuli*, telling them that the iron spike was driven into the head of the log which was fixed into the ground. Sharp boys of country experience must have misdoubted something—must have seen that the log would have split three times out of four, and would never have held the iron spike securely; moreover, that it would have been impossible to sharpen the spikes afterward, or keep them sharp while driven. Now comes Captain Prévost, quoted by our author, and clears up the simple mystery; we refer our readers to Vol. V. of the *Dictionnaire de l'Architecture*, article *Fossé*.

In relation to architecture, civil and religious, these books are almost alone in this, that they analyze both style and construction, set up and prove theories, establish points that have been doubtful, explain, state general truths. The splendid works upon architecture and the cognate arts which late years have produced, are devoted almost wholly to the giving of plates, often marvellously correct and beautiful, of the monument chosen, complete and in detail. Very seldom is there any attempt at examination or explanation. Whereas the books of Viollet-le-Duc proceed the other way, treat of tower, spire, cupola, vault; painting, carving, glass-painting, joiner-work; angels, the Trinity, the Tree of Jesse, the personified Church; ewer, brooch, table, chair; and illustrate the general treatises by thousands of examples. In treating the subject in this way, a profound and accurate as well as varied knowledge has been needed—a knowledge resulting from long familiarity with all branches of the subject, and shaped by sound judgment and power of discrimination. Few men have had the opportunities which have been enjoyed by M. Viollet-le-Duc; as architect in charge of the restorations of Notre Dame and many other churches, large and small, and of the castles we have named, he has had great chances for investigation; and he was fortunate in being prepared for the best use of these by a youth spent in wide travel and study of the architecture of many lands. But, if his opportunities have been great, his ability and his industry are great also. He has proved himself a most excellent draughtsman, nor are there anywhere, except in the works of Mr. Ruskin, such admirable drawings of architecture. It is not only architectural forms only that he renders well and spiritedly; he draws the figure admirably for his purposes, and nothing can exceed the vigor of his sketches of workmen, soldiers, or passers-by, introduced to explain his subject or only to give the scale. Moreover, he draws with such ease that he never spares drawing—a great thing—the reader seldom wishes for more representations of a building than are given. We speak in this personal way of these six or seven thousand illustrations because they seem to be all the author's own work—because it is probable that, except a few diagrams, they have all been drawn by his own hand. This proves, moreover, our author's great power of work, but that is evident to any cursory examiner of his labors, and we pass to the consideration of other points brought to our attention by the books themselves.

A Complete Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary for the use of Junior Students. By John T. White, D.D., of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; Rector of St. Martin Ludgate, London. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.)—On the lack of the volume before us we read: "Complete Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary," without any further qualification, for which, we presume, the author is not responsible; the title-page not quite distinctly qualifies the word "complete" by the addition of "for the use of junior students;" but the author's preface plainly defines the limited scope of the work by stating that, "except so far as is necessary for etymological purposes, words occurring in writers ordinarily read by less advanced students of the Latin language are, for the most part, alone explained." We must, however, confess that even within these narrow limits this dictionary hardly deserves to be called complete. It requires but a slight scrutiny to discover the absence of

words such as even a more moderate-sized school lexicon than ours is would omit only from inadvertence. Such are—to mention words properly belonging to the columns of one page—*ducatus, ductim, ductito*, and even *dualis*, which is not given, as a derivative, under *duo* either. Few pages may betray equally grave omissions, but all we have examined show that lexicographical fulness is not among the distinctive merits of the work. In reality, what Dr. White principally aimed at is etymological and grammatical clearness, and a systematically precise statement of meanings and shades of meanings. In this respect we may call his production very elaborate.

The principal features of his plan for the Latin-English part, to which we confine our remarks, are the following: Each leading word is so printed as to exhibit its process of formation. "Immediately after the assigned origin of each word, the literal interpretation is given between parentheses; and that English rendering of which such interpretation holds good in a pre-eminent degree is placed first in order, and regarded as the proper or primary meaning. When the source of a word is not discoverable, the fact is stated." Figurative or metonymical powers are given, as such, when they fall within the restricted scope of the whole. A brief reference is usually made to some classical author. Peculiar grammatical constructions are noticed. Historical, mythological, and geographical names are included in the body of the work, in most cases with the addition of their meanings. Philological comparisons with Sanskrit, Greek, and Teutonic roots are introduced. French derivatives from the Latin words are also given.

All these features are consistently carried out throughout the work, but it is the putting in relief of the derivations to which the author seems with most care to have devoted his labor. The references to and brief quotations from authors are also carefully executed, and decidedly ample for a book of these dimensions. The English renderings, on the other hand, we find, like the vocabulary, less full. The philological remarks are often very poor. Thus we read under *hera*: "akin to *herus*;" under *herus*: "etym. dub."—without even a mention of the Teutonic *herr*, not to speak of *hērōs, hērōs*, etc.; under *doleo*: "prps akin to Sanskrit root *DRI* or *DA*, to cut asunder"—where *dr̥aw* is so much nearer; and under *dolo* again: "akin to Sanskrit root *DRI* or *DA*, to cut or here asunder," while Eng. to deal, Icel. *dela*, and *dadaðla* remain unmentioned.

A proportionally very large part of the space is surrendered to the proper names, which collectively almost form a kind of classical dictionary. But this part of the work is executed with less regard for symmetry, uniformity, and accuracy than those more properly belonging to the sphere of a Latin lexicon. Thus, while of Horace, Virgil, Suetonius, Seneca, and the two Plinys we hear who they were or what they wrote; of Plautus also at what village he was born; of Ennius, in addition, in what years he was born and died; and of Cicero even on what day he was born, and at what age and by whom he was murdered—Sallust and Livy are entered only as "Roman names," and Tacitus and Martial are entirely forgotten. Vitellius and Nerva are given as emperors of Rome; of Trajan we read when he reigned, and what his character was; but Tiberius, Titus, Domitian, and Hadrian are entered only as names, and Caracalla and Heliogabalus are omitted. Of Atticus we hear who wrote his life; Agricola, like his biographer, is forgotten. Roscius Otho is twice given—under both names—and his law twice fully, though not uniformly, spoken of; but there is no mention of Licinius Stolo and his laws under either of these names. The cruelty, the brazen bull, and the fate of Phalaris are minutely mentioned; but of Dionysius we hear only that he was tyrant of Syracuse. Donnus, "a petty sovereign of the Alps," is given, but the Carthaginian Hannos are all forgotten. Alymon is entered as "the father of Iphimedia," but Iphimedia herself is not to be found.

The geographical portions are at least as negligently done. Of Phocis we are told between what territories it lay, and what mountains and waters it contained; but *Ætolia* is only "a province in Central-Greece," and *Doris* is given neither as a division of the same part of Greece nor as a territory of Asia Minor, while the Dorians are barely mentioned, and their fabulous ancestor, Dorus, is forgotten. Of the Locri, who are enumerated by divisions, the Opuntians are omitted, and the Epizephyrians, a mere colony, are mentioned, under *Zaleucus*, as "the Locrians." The city founded by these colonists in Lower Italy is incorrectly called *Narycium* under *Locri*, though correctly given as *Narycia* under its own head. *Laconia* is designated "a country in the centre of Southern Greece, or the Peloponnesus," which is also stated—and only then correctly—of *Arcadia*. *Heraclea*, "now *Erakli* or *Eregri*," is designated "a maritime town of Pontus," instead of a maritime town of Bithynia, on the Pontus *Euxinus*. Such

names as *Cyme*, *Dorylaeum*, *Gaza*, *Opus*, or *Ozola* are omitted, while others of minor importance, like *Maronea* or *Marpessus*, are given.

The mechanical execution of the reprint is very pleasant.

A Treatise on the Law of Shipping and the Law and Practice of Admiralty. By Theophilus Parsons, LL.D., Dane Professor of Law in Harvard University, at Cambridge. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1869.)—In his work on "Maritime Law," published in 1859, Professor Parsons treated of shipping, insurance, and admiralty, because he thought, as he says in his preface, "that the law of shipping and the law of marine insurance could not be learned fully and accurately, excepting in their connection." In 1868, however, he found that the connection was not so important (or did his publishers ask for two new volumes?), and he gave us a separate work, in two volumes, on marine insurance, and now we have two volumes on shipping and admiralty.

In these last volumes we have not found so much additional matter as there was in the volumes on marine insurance, and yet they constitute something more than a new edition of the treatise of 1859. In most of the chapters on shipping some changes have been made, and all the recent cases are cited in the notes. The chapters on hypothecation and general average have been rewritten; new and valuable chapters on collisions, wharves and docks, and passengers have been added.

The chapters on admiralty do not contain so much that is new, though all the recent cases appear, and if no change has been made in the text, it is because the jurisdiction was settled and the practice remains the same. Instead of fifty pages of appendix of the volumes of 1859, we now have two hundred and fifty, the additional pages being taken up by the statutes of the United States on subjects connected with shipping. These statutes are arranged according to the dates of their passage; and instead of the promised index of their subject-matter, only a chronological list, with their titles, is given, but yet they form a valuable accessory to the work.

Minor Chords. By Sophia May Eckley. (London: Bell & Daldy. 1869.)—Mrs. Eckley's religious poems are probably successful so far as concerns the expression of her own religious feelings and belief; and many of her fellow-believers will probably find them satisfactory as devotional poetry. Her secular poetry we have found wanting in many respects—in so many respects that we are hardly able to call it poetry at all. In the whole volume we find no piece which is well conceived, and, what is rarer, there is none that we have found which is at all happy in expression. One merit, however, Mrs. Eckley has, if she has no more—and it is not a common one—the merit of not being a plagiarist, nor even an imitator; whatever poetry there is in her book is her own. Considering the apparent genuineness and fervor of feeling which is displayed in several of the religious poems in this little volume, we should say that the church might very probably yet be indebted to Mrs. Eckley for more than one good hymn. And yet, without care and study she cannot try to draw from this source with any hope of great success; "Silva's brook" and *Helicon* being in some respects not so much unlike.

Astronomy without a Telescope: being a Guide-book to the Visible Heavens, with Maps and Illustrations. By E. Colbert. (Chicago: George & C. W. Sherwood. 1869.)—This work is in the atlas form, and contains fourteen celestial maps, representing the stars from the first to the fifth magnitude, white upon a blue ground. The maps are accompanied by carefully prepared descriptions of the different constellations, pointing out the relative positions of all the brightest stars. We think these maps will be found useful. We have seen none so well adapted to the wants of students in astronomy. The account of the constellations given in most text-books in astronomy is generally too brief and superficial, and the maps, if any are introduced, are usually coarse and inaccurate. The instruction in astronomy given in most schools is defective in respect to practical acquaintance with the heavens. Students seldom have sufficient knowledge of the stars to enable them to distinguish one region of the heavens from another. They may learn the sizes, distances, and motions of the planets and their satellites, and yet not know Venus or Jupiter by sight. They cannot point out in the heavens Sirius or Arcturus, although they may know their distances, and how these distances were ascertained.

Good instruction in astronomy should gradually make the student familiar with the appearance of the heavenly bodies at the same time that it acquaints him with their nature and motions. For such a study of the constellations we recommend Mr. Colbert's atlas. It may be used for beginners in astronomy, or in our colleges and the higher grades of

academies, in connection with other text-books of a more advanced character. It should not be inferred, however, that this work is confined to a representation and description of the fixed stars. The reader will find treated with rare skill most of the topics usually discussed in astronomical text-books for high schools.

The Elements of Theoretical and Descriptive Astronomy, for the Use of Colleges and Academies. By Charles J. White, A.M., Assistant Professor of Astronomy and Navigation in the U. S. Naval Academy. (Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1869.)—There is no lack of text-books in astronomy adapted to the wants of students in our high schools or schools of lower grades. Such books must be almost entirely descriptive, avoiding the introduction of algebra and geometry. Nor is it difficult to find suitable works on this science for very advanced students, containing a full discussion of astronomical instruments, elaborate applications of the law of universal gravitation, the full consideration of eclipses, and a thorough treatment of astronomical problems too difficult for the general student. Teachers in colleges and the higher grades of academies can use neither of these two classes of text-books. The former are too superficial and the latter too elaborate. Usually the first half of Herschel's "Outlines of Astronomy" is used. It is no reflection on this treatise to say that it is not a good text-book, inasmuch as it was never intended to be used as such. A good text-book for students who can read Herschel's "Outlines" with appreciation has been hard to find.

In view of this want, we have read with special interest Mr. White's treatise, and, after a careful examination, we can recommend it to teachers as the best work of its kind we have seen. It covers the same ground as that part of Herschel's Outlines which is usually studied; while the more systematic division of the subject, and the introduction of simpler mathematical processes, make it much better than that work as a text-book for college use. No statement the proof of which comes within the scope of the work is made without a demonstration; and yet the theoretical discussions are remarkably simple, and within the limits of the mathematical knowledge of all college students. In those branches of the subject upon which the views of astronomers are most liable to change, the reader will find the most recent theories and the latest information. It is a pleasure to read a book which is written in a style so clear and finished, and which shows so much care in its preparation.

First Lessons in Civil Government. By Andrew W. Young. (New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1869.)—It is a merit in Mr. Young's "Civil Government" that it does justice to that side of our political system—the State governments—which is wholly overlooked by most school-books; one hundred and forty-four pages are given to the Government of New York, and only thirty to that of the United States. This is, however, a disproportion in the other direction, for the National Government requires fully as much explanation as that of the States. And, of course, it unfits the book for the use of any school except that of this State. For a State so populous and important as this, it may be well enough to have a special text-book; a work of real general value for the whole country would be a brief comparative view of the Constitutions of the several States, giving those features which are common to all, or nearly so, with the important variations presented in a tabular form. Mr. Young's treatise has many points of merit: it is, however, sheer dishonesty to put the date 1869 on the title-page of a book which contains on a single page (162) so many obsolete statements as the following: That the ratio of representation for Congress is 90,716: that New York has thirty-three representatives, and New York City and County four; that "in the Southern States a large portion of the people are slaves;" and that "members of Congress receive for their services eight dollars a day."

Stretton: A Novel. By Henry Kingsley, Author of "Ravenshoe," "Geoffrey Hamlyn," "Hillyars and Burtons," etc. With illustrations. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt and Harper & Brothers. 1869.)—Mr. Kingsley's new novel gives the history of four young Englishmen of the well-known muscular-Christian type—a type which in his hands becomes fearfully muscular and queerly Christian—in its author's usual dashing, rattling style, and is as entertaining as his stories usually are. His books are easy reading of the kind which does not presuppose hard writing; they are easy because they cause no thought in the reader, and appear to have cost the writer very little. Character-painting, in any legitimate sense of that term, he has no conception of; when he has called a hero "ox-like," or "bucolic," or "violent and cruel," described him as "Antinous Evans," or noted his resemblance

to a bloodhound, he has come as near to either analysis or description as his nature allows him. His heroes are so much alike—in this story at least—that we have found ourselves continually at a loss to know which was a Mordaunt and which an Evans, and been forced more than once to recur to the opening chapters and trace out a pedigree in order to be sure that one of the boys was not in love with his own sister, or about to marry his aunt. But there is plenty of "go" in the story, and some effective pictures of school escapades, of boat-racing, and of incidents of the Indian Mutiny. Mr. Kingsley is at his best when he has out-of-door life to deal with, and there is a boyish sort of fun that he is not a bad hand at, and although he dogmatizes with characteristic self-confidence on other subjects of which he knows as little as a decently intelligent man well can, his conceit is always too amusingly barefaced to be offensive. He makes no improvement in his craft as a novelist, or rather he grows worse and worse with each story, although he makes efforts at art—or at least says he does. "Stretton" is even more carelessly written, and the story more loosely and inconsequently put together, than is usual even with him.

The Science of Right. By J. G. Fichte. Translated by A. E. Kröger. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869. 12mo, pp. 505.)—This is a translation of Fichte's *Grundlage des Naturrechts* by the recent translator of the *Wissenschaftslehre*. Mr. Kröger does not always understand the English use of words and constructions; but much worse translations of German philosophy have appeared in our language. The work itself is interesting not only to the student of the history of philosophy, but also to the student of general history; for notwithstanding the very scientific form of Fichte's theory of rights, in its special doctrines it chiefly reflects the opinions of his time and of his country, as modified by his individual temper. Americans should accept with some reserve the representations now made that Fichte and Hegel illustrate the best thought which Germany has produced.

Travels of Fah-hian and Sung-Yun, Buddhist Pilgrims, from China to India (400 A.D. and 518 A.D.). Translated from the Chinese. By Samuel Beal, etc. (London: Trübner & Co.; New York: John Wiley & Son. 1869. 12mo, pp. lxxvi., 208.)—Where a country is so wanting as India in materials for the orderly construction of its own history, every gleam of information from without is doubly valuable. A few incidental and fragmentary notices by Greeks, growing out of Alexander's Indian expedition, have proved of incalculable worth to Indian chronology. And in working out the history of Buddhism, the notices of Chinese pilgrims who, in the early centuries of our era, made the tremendous journey to Hindustan in search of the authentic scriptures of their faith, are playing an important part. The earliest of the accounts of such pilgrimages now known to exist are given by Mr. Beal in this elegant little volume, and for the first time in English. Rémusat's French version of the travels of Fah-hian is well known to scholars; but, having been made more than thirty years ago, when little was known of the subject it deals with, is no longer reliable. We cannot commend the Chinese monk's story to the American public at large as a juicy and entertaining narrative; the blight of triviality and barrenness which rests upon the whole body of Buddhist literature is over it also; but the translation is doubtless a valuable one; the notes are instructive, and the elaborate introduction—a sketch of the history of this religion in China and of its development in its native land—will be found interesting by many whom the main text will repel. A very pretty sketch map of the pilgrims' route is an admirable addition to the volume. An index would have been one still more admirable; and we can hardly pardon Mr. Beal for having failed to let us have it.

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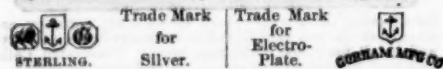
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